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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE warships are now all lying off the Montenegrin coast, and in consequence of the King's blunt refusal to submit to Europe, the blockade has begun. The active operations of the siege, however, have apparently been suspended. Servia holds herself in honor bound to continue her support of her ally before Scutari, but she will send no further troops, and those which were ready to sail from Salonica have been disembarked. King Nicholas has ingeniously threatened to abdicate if he is robbed of Scutari, because he knows that nothing could be so distasteful to Austria as the union of the two Servian kingdoms under a single dynasty. Italy is seeking a way out, in concert with Russia, by bribing King Nicholas to abandon Scutari with an indemnity of £800,000, and perhaps with a strip of coast-line. Austria dislikes the idea, but will not oppose it. It is rumored that the Bulgaro-Roumanian dispute has been settled by the award of Silistria to Roumania. A further

Note to the Allies, with a slightly modified wording of the proposed terms, brings peace within sight.

* * *

A BRIEF but illuminating statement by Sir Edward Grey, in answer to a question from Mr. Bonar Law on Monday, revealed something of the gravity of the Balkan crisis. The agreement over Albania's frontiers, which the Concert is enforcing by a naval demonstration, was, he said, "essential for the peace of Europe, and, in my opinion, was accomplished only just in time to preserve that peace between the Great Powers." For the continuance of that peace, it must be enforced. But it was no mere bargain between interested Powers. It is "in accord with humanity, liberty, and justice." Montenegro, he did well to point out, is now engaged simply in a "war of conquest" against the Albanians, who are "contending for their lands, their religion, their language, and their lives." These strong terms, from a statesman who weighs his words, confirm the belief, based already on good evidence, that the Montenegrins, if successful, intended to carry out a general slaughter in Scutari, to seize the rich corn lands, and forcibly to Slavise the survivors.

* * *

THERE was evidence early in the week that Russia was still secretly paralysing the action of the Concert, though her Government had been good enough to state "that French and British ships ought to take part in it." In spite of this patronage, M. Isvolsky in Paris was believed to be inspiring the campaign of the "Temps" against the action of the Concert. M. Hartwig has been following the same course in Belgrade, and in St. Petersburg the police permitted a great Pan-Slavist demonstration in the streets, led by highly-connected persons with official military and Court ties. One half of the Russian official world, with French Chauvinist backing, seemed to be heading for war. Later in the week, probably as the result of Sir Edward Grey's firm and decided speech, a change for the better set in. It is rumored that the Tsar, the recognised feudal suzerain and paymaster of Montenegro, has (very late in the day) sent an autograph letter, advising King Nicholas to yield.

* * *

ON Monday, the German Chancellor introduced the Army Bill in a speech which sought to defend it by a review of the European situation. Germany could not afford to leave any of her human resources undeveloped, and must, therefore, do what France long ago did, call every able-bodied man to the colors. While deprecating any talk of the inevitable clash between the Slav and Teutonic races, he dwelt on Russia's military development, "a revitalising of the Army, such as Russia has never before known, including not only a great improvement of arms and material, but also of organisation and in the mechanism of mobilisation." He touched also on French Chauvinism as a danger, and significantly remarked that military opinion considers the French Army not only good, but very good. He spoke of Mr. Churchill's naval holiday as a proposal which marks a great advance, though it presents obvious difficulties. It will be considered if it is presented as a definite diplomatic proposal. To Sir Edward Grey's work in the

Balkan crisis he paid a handsome and enthusiastic tribute.

DR. WILSON will clearly be both a popular and an unconventional President. He broke the precedents of more than a century by meeting Congress in person on Tuesday, and opening the momentous business of its extraordinary session by reading his own message. The details of the new Tariff Bill, with its bold reductions and close approach to Free Trade in food and raw materials, had already been published. But the President's message assumed responsibility for it as his own work, and made it in an almost British sense of the word a "Government measure." The message was summed up in this sonorous and spirited sentence:—

"We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege, or of any kind of artificial advantage, and put our business men and producers under the stimulation of a constant necessity to be efficient, economical, and enterprising masters of competitive supremacy, better workers and merchants than any in the world."

In spite of this bold avowal of the theory of Free Trade, and the long step which the tariff itself takes towards the removal of Protection, business opinion in both parties appears to be well pleased.

THE main features of the Tariff Bill, for which Mr. Underwood is officially responsible, are: (1) the almost complete removal of food taxes; (2) the placing of most raw materials on the free list; (3) the reduction of duties on manufactured goods often to one-half or a quarter of the present figure; and (4) some increase in the rates on luxuries. Canadian trade will greatly benefit by the free entry of flour, wood pulp, the simpler manufactured forms of wood, and farm produce generally. British trade will benefit enormously by the wool and steel schedules. Boots, cotton bagging, leather, cheap paper, steel rails, wire, nails, chemicals, agricultural implements, and typewriters are among the more important articles other than foodstuffs, which are placed on the free list. Sugar will be free after three years. The duties on articles of clothing are, on an average, more than halved, and on blankets and flannels drop to one-third of the present rate. A great reduction in the cost of living can hardly fail to follow. This is the maximum tariff, and reciprocity treaties are foreshadowed with a lower scale. Hardly less interesting are the bold proposals for a graduated income tax, ranging from one to four per cent. on incomes over £800.

THE Borden Naval Bill has convulsed Canadian politics. Days and nights of continuous sitting in the Parliament have not broken down the Liberal resistance and the Prime Minister, forced to rely on coercion, has framed a code of closure rules which seem little less drastic than our own. These will now be debated for three or four weeks. If it is then carried, the Senate, which the Liberals control, may reject the Bill, and the Government will have either to go to the country or yield the principle of a Canadian Navy. As for the Liberals, they are in a state of exasperation, which, had a Tory Government been in power at Westminster, might well have turned them into a frankly separatist party. As it is, they will for the future solidly resist all attempts at Imperial centralisation, political or commercial. If an election takes place, the Liberals will probably gain some seats in the Maritime Provinces, the seat of the steel industries, and in British Columbia. The Prairie Provinces prefer the Liberal plan of a Canadian Navy, but they will not give the Liberals a blank cheque on

economic questions. On the whole, Mr. Borden might only escape with a fair working margin, and for that reason will try and avoid dissolution.

THURSDAY'S debate on the Education Estimates should be carefully read, for it reveals some of the weakest spots in our national life. Mr. Pease's survey was careful, if rather too optimistic, and some of his figures—such as those tabulating the mental and physical defects of the school population—were appalling. Ten per cent. of the children have bad eye-sight; five per cent. poor hearing; fifty per cent. serious decay of teeth. One child in fifty has heart disease, or tuberculosis; one in ten is under-fed. As to mental troubles, one per cent. are defective, 12½ per cent. "backward." About one in thirty-three gives promise of genius or talent. Nearly 800 nurses and 1,000 doctors are now at work in preparing these children for citizenship.

THE criticism was chiefly an outcry against rising rates, Sir Henry Hibbert insisting that local feeling was intense, and he and Mr. Balfour and Sir James Yoxall all calling loudly for more central aid. Mr. Balfour was interesting, but a little indecisive. Medical inspection he warmly approved. But he denounced expensive faddists, hinted that the poorer neighborhoods would have child labor, and thought it particularly unfair to charge the rural districts with the education of children who emigrated. (Whose fault is that, Mr. Balfour?) More variety in educational types, less costly schools, were Mr. Balfour's chief remedies, and he was especially hard on examinations. They were "soul killing," and sapped the vitality of youth, leaving them intellectually exhausted and unfit for life. Mr. Balfour denounced Lord Haldane's "grandiose" schemes; and ironically suggested that they were not likely to restore the Government's waning popularity.

THE first Parliament of the Chinese Republic met this week in Peking, and at once began with due regard for the best models of procedure to select its temporary and permanent officers. Most of the deputies, so ran the telegram, wore frock-coats, and appeared to take their duties seriously. The United States will recognise the Republic so soon as its Congress gets to work, but no European Power, not even Republican France, is prepared as yet to assume the permanence of the new order. The chief danger of the Republic is still the tendency of the provinces to assert their more or less complete independence, and the first thought of any strong and capable Viceroy seems to be to defy Yuan-Shih-Kai and the central government. The advanced youth is all for decentralisation, even in theory, and it is the older and less educated men who back the rule of Peking. It remains to be seen whether a Congress can give the central Republican government the moral prestige which at present it lacks. There are signs that the recent success of the popular constitutional parties in Japan, together with Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen's visit, have come near to winning the active friendship of Japan (hitherto disposed to join Russia in pressure and spoliation) for the Republican régime.

THE Marconi inquiry has produced no fresh sensation. Mr. Lloyd George's broker was called, and declared that he regarded the issue as highly speculative, did not like the way it was floated, and advised the Chancellor not to touch it. The Conservative members were curious to know how many shares were privately distributed by the big jobber, Mr. Heybourn, before

April 19th. Mr. Heybourn gave the names—which is really all that the Committee need know—but declined to say how the distribution was made. A good many idle questions seem to be asked, but we hope the Liberal members will allow the utmost scope to the inquiry, and give Rumor no more wings to fly with. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs's statement was that he had made no private profit out of the American flotation, and took no part in his brother's or Mr. Lloyd George's negotiations of shares. He only heard of the latter when the "Matin" trial began. He sprang upon the Committee two proofs of a "bear" movement in Marconis to counter the "bull." The first was the issue of a private prospectus of the Poulsen system on the eve of the acceptance of the Marconi tender; the second was a stockbroker's account of a dinner talk at which a great attack on Marconi was foreshadowed, and two M.P.'s were mentioned as likely to lead it.

* * *

THE Government have cut down their scheme of franchise reform to a little Bill, restricted to stopping plural voting at a general election under a penalty of £200, or a maximum of two years' imprisonment. The plural voter is thus retained on the register, and survives for by-elections, only dying to the law and the Tory Party when the grand encounter takes place. The result, however, even of this small change is to relieve the register of 400,000 doubled and therefore fictitious votes. It will also much diminish the electoral force of by-elections, which a Liberal Government will now tend to despise. The Tory objection to Mr. Pease's Bill was that, unaccompanied by a plan of redistribution, it was a mere "loading of the dice" against the Tory Party, to which a Liberal Minister retorted that the dice were not loaded, but "unloaded." The Bill is expected to pass just in time for it to survive an expected rejection by the Lords, and thus to come under the Parliament Act for an election in the late spring of 1915. The motion for the first reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 303 to 177.

* * *

THE law has almost ceased to run in the Alsatia which the suffragettes have set up. More outrages have been committed, more houses burned, and more bombs left in empty railway trains. As for the prisoners, it is already clear that most of them will get early gaol deliveries. Mrs. Pankhurst was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. She has not yet been released, but as she has taken no food, is in delicate health, and is not to be forcibly fed, her enlargement can only be a matter of hours. Miss Wharry, who was convicted of the outrage at Kew, is already out, after having fasted secretly for thirty-two days. Her condition is said to be serious, and that of Miss Emerson to be worse still.

* * *

As for the "Cat and Mouse Bill," we regret to see Mr. McKenna's qualified announcement that he retains the right to feed forcibly, though it was surely understood that the Bill was a substitute for that universally detested device. But in any case the Bill must fail. The Home Secretary stated in Committee that the prisoners would be released on licence for a definite period, subject to good conduct. But he gave himself liberty to enlarge the period and, whether it be short or long, it is safe to say that every condition of the licence will be ignored. The suffragists do not resemble the ordinary convict. He wants to keep out of prison; they are ready to go in. There is a strict limit to

the possible number of re-arrests, for repeated self-starvation, like prolonged forcible feeding, means death.

* * *

ON Wednesday, the Labor Party, through Mr. Crooks, presented its policy of the "national minimum," in the shape of a resolution proposing a universal 30s. a week for adult workers in towns, and a corresponding rate for country laborers; coupled with a demand that the Government should at once establish this rate in its workshops and contracts. The motion was not divided on, but the sense of the House, while rejecting the notion of a universal and very high minimum, was strongly in favor of the alternative method of extending the Trade Boards Act. This was the view both of Radicals like Mr. Alden, who proposed to fix a "legal minimum" for trades whose wages sank below subsistence point, and of Tory democrats like Lord Henry Bentinck (who favored a State wage for agricultural laborers), and Mr. Leslie Scott (who would apply it to services of public utility, into which foreign competition did not enter). Mr. Craig thought that the Government's social policy had already seriously raised the cost of production, and threatened to produce unemployment. Mr. J. M. Robertson's official reply promised an extension of trade boards, but insisted that Mr. Crooks's plan would cost 200 millions, and might close every cotton mill in Lancashire.

* * *

THE interest in the Putumayo Inquiry has been much increased by the appearance of two of the leading figures in that terrible drama—Mr. Arana, who organised the working of the rubber and founded the British Company, and Mr. Hardenburg, who first drew public attention to the horrors by his articles in "Truth" and his evidence to the Anti-Slavery Society. The mere fact that Mr. Arana presented himself for examination must, of course, count in his favor, and his evidence, given with the utmost coolness, was an example of clever self-defence. In spite of his extreme reluctance to make direct and decisive answers, however, he was driven to some very damaging admissions, one of the most important points of his evidence being his definite withdrawal of his former charge of forgery against Mr. Hardenburg. As to the actual atrocities, he contented himself chiefly with professing entire ignorance until the truth began to be revealed. "The Indians, being savages, know nothing of business methods," was one of his sayings. He made no serious attempt to deny the truth of Sir Roger Casement's Report, except for a few vague remarks about "exaggeration."

* * *

WE have referred elsewhere to Mr. Bryce's address to the Historical Congress, which has had a singularly successful, brilliantly varied, and very harmonious series of sessions. On Wednesday, at a dinner at All Souls', Lord Morley contributed a speech full of interesting phrases, eulogising science as a main "unifying agent" in modern State life, and praising historical science for having turned fashion away from the "imposing tapestries of the literary historian to the drab serge of research" among archives and registers. Thus, in Acton's phrase, "the great historian now takes his meals in the kitchen." With qualified optimism, he insisted that while diplomacy contained much "nullity and charlatany" and passed much "bad money," yet it was a "withering mistake" to describe all its work as intrigue or barrenness, or to ignore the deep roots that even factional politics struck into the elements of human nature.

Politics and Affairs.

A NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

(BY THE LORD CHANCELLOR.)

WHAT is a National System of Education? I will try to make clear how such a system differs from what this country at present possesses. The essence of a National system is that the education of the people and of every class of the people of the country is of vital concern to the State. The State has, therefore, the right to see that those who conduct education are fit to conduct it properly, and the State has also the duty of enforcing this right by seeing that unfit persons do not teach.

But what I have said does not mean that a National system must of necessity be bureaucratic—that is to say, controlled in its details by a Government Department. Such a system may succeed best if a large discretion as to details is left to those who are most familiar with the different parts of the country and the conditions and sentiments which prevail in them, be they local authorities or be they individuals. But these, if they are to be allowed to take part in educating the coming generation, must, under an adequate system, give proof that they are fit to do it, and that they are actually accomplishing it. The State must superintend, even though it does not interfere with their work, and it must guide and also stimulate and aid that work. This it can do in many ways which are indirect, without trenching unduly on that liberty of judging on the spot which is the great advantage of decentralisation.

For example, while a great part of the cost of our elementary schools is borne by the rates, the State makes large grants in aid, and it should be a condition of these grants in aid that they are used for carrying out a proper system. To a considerable extent this is already the case with elementary education, and if more public money were devoted to the work, the system of elementary education would be even better than it is. Contact in recent years with its permanent staff has taught me that the Board of Education is to-day a body with ideas, and with knowledge based on experience, and that the strides forward it has made within the last decade are remarkable. What it needs is more power to help, and therefore, more money. For Elementary Education has reached a level at which the question of the future has become mainly one of funds. The ideas are already there, as anyone who will take the trouble to read carefully the reports of the Board in recent years will see.

But with Secondary Education the case is, unhappily, very different. The Board has been hampered in its efforts at reform by two confused ideas which have got into the public mind. The first is that the State has no real cause to concern itself with Secondary Education, which may be left to take care of itself. The second is that elementary and secondary education are not successive stages in one entire system, but are two different kinds of instruction, meant for different social classes, and that in the second kind, the working classes in particular do not need to take any

interest. What one finds on looking below the surface is that these false notions have caused most of our educational difficulties, and have led to confusion in our whole system. We have got rid, it is true, of the letter of the famous "Cockerton" doctrine. He would be a bold man who would to-day affirm that elementary education excluded, so far as legal power to give it is concerned, any sort of instruction that the local educational authority decided to give to scholars in elementary schools, provided always these scholars were within the legal age of "fifteen plus." But the gap between the two kinds of teaching has prevented the teachers in the two sets of schools from mutual co-operation, and from organising, as the members of a single corps would do, so as to pass on their pupils from one set of hands to another without breach of continuity.

Again, the grants for secondary education are of a very limited character, and are not made under proper conditions. When the "Whisky Money" was given for this purpose in 1890, no sufficient powers were taken, or, indeed, as the question of educational areas then stood, could have been adequately taken, to make the grants conditional on proper schemes being submitted and proper co-operation taking place among the local authorities. A good deal has been accomplished in recent years, despite the imperfection of the instruments and the scantiness of the means at the disposal of the Board of Education and the Local Education Authorities alike. But it is no exaggeration to say that the present position of secondary education is the weakest point in our organisation, and that, until it is brought within the scope of a real national system, satisfactory advances cannot be made. Such advances are to-day hardly practicable either in the direction of giving the elementary pupils throughout the country an easy further chance, or of freeing the Universities from the burden of giving teaching necessitated by the absence of proper secondary school education, but which is not really of a University type, and which is a drain on their resources. In a satisfactory condition of things the student would normally enter the University, not by passing a Matriculation examination, but by producing a Secondary School certificate, based on his record there, and showing that he had become qualified to assimilate the benefit of a still higher type of instruction. One great advantage that Germany has had over us arises from the circumstance that she concentrated her energies almost from the beginning on making the secondary school the pivot of her educational system.

When people speak of "organising from the top," what they mean is that the highest development of education should be kept in view from the very beginning in fashioning policy, so that ideas which come from the University should at the outset influence the teacher and the scheme of teaching. A National system should be an unbroken whole, based on a ground plan in which the secondary school and the University also have been kept in view as a practical possibility for every boy or girl who enters as an elementary scholar. The different institutions which belong to the system and which it requires for its completion should form members of an organic whole. The teachers, even in the elementary schools,

should have had the advantage of a University training, such as would enable them to have always present to their minds the range of the system which they were administering in various phases.

But what I have described is not all that the expression "National" connotes. Our conception of education is at present too narrow. An adequate conception must embrace the physical and social, as well as the mental and moral, life of the scholar. The ordinary schools ought not to be burdened with the care of children between three and five years of age, but provision should not the less be made in nursery schools for the younger children. Otherwise these children will never be ready for the teacher. It is here that the education question touches closely other questions of social reform, and especially the problem of the home. Elsewhere it touches other problems, such as that of the agricultural laborer. And quite at the other end, provision of a different kind is required for those boys and girls who form the vast majority, and who will never be able to go on to the secondary school. Those who have read the reports on the reforms in education which are in full operation in Munich, under the direction of Dr. Kerschensteiner, and in other cities of Germany, reforms which I am glad to think are now being initiated in cities in our own country, such as London and Edinburgh and Glasgow, know what an influence for good are the day continuation schools which are fitted on to elementary schools, and which prepare pupils up to the age of fifteen or even sixteen or seventeen for their practical callings in life, as well as teach them in other subjects. The Scottish Education Act of 1908 enabled the local education authorities in Scotland not only to establish continuation classes, but to make them compulsory, and in Edinburgh and Glasgow this kind of instruction promises to develop well. But it is not only the Continuation School or the Trade School, such as the Board of Education is now developing, that illustrates the larger meaning which must be given to the word "education." The hand and the ear and the eye can be educated like the brain, and they form necessary subjects for inclusion if a national system is to be created.

For the attainment of such a system with any degree of completeness, we want two things. The first is a clear conception of what it means and must include. This is not now difficult. The second is such driving power as there was in England in 1870, a power which, alas, exhausted itself in the controversies over elementary instruction and its relation to the religious question. Of this last we shall probably hear much less than in the past if the country and the members whom it returns to Parliament become in earnest about our great and as yet unsolved educational problem. Take the question of education upon a large enough scale, with the determination to place efficiency and a high standard in the first place, and no frontal attack on the battalions of the narrower members of the Church party will be necessary. The frontal attack will, to use a military metaphor, have been superseded by an enveloping movement in which, at the decisive points, superior numbers will always be present. The occupation of the terrain will almost certainly take place without a conflict, for the forces of

narrow-mindedness of both kinds will have been compelled to beat a retreat in order to avoid annihilation. To compass such a result will require time and earnestness, and great care, and the best general staff work.

If we are to solve this great social problem, there will be needed above all keen interest on the part of the working classes. It is they who ought to compel the solution for the sake of their children. Their interest appears to me to be growing, but it is not yet as widespread as it should be. The resolutions which the Trades Union Congress passes annually on the subject have something a little mechanical about them. The spirit of conviction and the faith in ideals seem to me to be so far hardly sufficiently present in these resolutions.

Equality of educational opportunity surely ought to be a watchword with our democracy. Until it is so, there will still remain something to be brought about in the education of our masters. But if the new programme of the Government is adequately proclaimed and pressed, it should be able of itself to give that education and to prepare the nation for the sacrifices it must make if it would secure its own future.

That future is now in no little peril, not because of any degeneration of the race, but because we have neglected means of preparing, which are familiar to some of our competitors. If we are to preserve our lead, we must repair our neglect. It is as essential to our safety that we should do so, as it is that we should keep up a navy.

HALDANE OF CLOAN.

[Our columns will, of course, be open to discussion of Lord Haldane's important article.—ED., NATION.]

THE CONCERT AND ALBANIA.

A WEEK ago it seemed doubtful whether the European Concert was capable of any effective action to enforce upon Montenegro the Albanian settlement on which it appeared to be united. For the second or third time since this Eastern crisis began there was, we believe, a real and imminent risk of war. The symptoms were obvious even to observers wholly outside the closed world of diplomacy. The Russian bureaucratic machine was working, as it always does in such emergencies, with a convenient duality. The behavior of the Government in St. Petersburg was entirely correct. In theory it sanctioned the naval demonstration, and announced that France and Great Britain had its approval in the share which they were taking in it. But in Paris the influence of the Embassy, led by M. Isvolsky and reflected in the "Temps," told in a quite opposite sense. In Belgrade M. Hartwig (whose "independence" had before done him good service when he filled the Legation at Teheran) was almost publicly encouraging the extremer Chauvinists among the Servians. In St. Petersburg itself a Pan-Slavist movement had suddenly sprung into life with an ex-official as its organiser, and an imposing body of generals and courtiers at its head.

If the whole outlook has changed in a few short days, the credit belongs, we believe, wholly to Sir Edward

Grey. He has learned to make in this crisis an adroit but determined use of public speech. His brief statement in Parliament contrived, while deftly avoiding anything at which Russia could take offence, to state the British standpoint in terms so firm, so manifestly, almost passionately, sincere, and yet so reasonable, that the Russian bureaucratic machine suddenly recovered its uniformity of motion. Nothing in the foreign statesmanship of our generation has been better done, nor has British statesmanship done a better work for humanity since Lord Lansdowne asserted the standpoint of the disinterested Powers in Macedonia, ten years ago.

In one way or another, it is now certain that the will of Europe will prevail, and because Sir Edward Grey has forced his partners into a reluctant loyalty, the probability is that it will prevail without bloodshed or the application of actual force. If her patrons are prepared to build a golden bridge for Montenegro's retreat, no harm will be done and much mischief will be avoided. It is not a very moral proceeding to pay a rather barbarous little State a large indemnity because you are afraid that she will massacre a population which you have forbidden her to annex. But it is a way of escape from much grosser evils. We have more sympathy with the proposal that Austria should compensate Montenegro with a few miles of her own neighboring coast-line. We happen to think that Austria is in the right (for her own reasons) in her championship of Albanian nationality. But the plain fact is that the whole of this trouble with both the Servian kingdoms has arisen from the historical policy of Austria, which aimed at barring them both from the waters of the Adriatic. It is because Austria closed their proper outlets in the Servian lands to the North that they have been driven southwards in a war of conquest at the expense of the Albanians. Had she cared to treat them in a neighborly spirit, they would probably have entered her own system long ago of their own free will. The wrong which Austria has done to the Servian race is the great basic fact of all this crisis. But it does not happen to be a reason why the Servians in their turn should be allowed to do an even grosser wrong to the Albanians.

If there is any division of opinion among Liberals on the merits of Sir Edward Grey's policy, it is, we believe, because the very name of Montenegro is linked with the hypnotic memory of Gladstone, and rings musical to our ears in Tennyson's lines. It is one thing, however, to admire the superb stand which these mountaineers made against the Turks, and quite another to approve of their purely predatory adventure against an Albanian city and district. There is no dispute about facts. Balkan ethnography is a vexed question, and to most regions of what was lately European Turkey at least two races can make a plausible claim. But Scutari and its neighborhood are Albanian as indisputably as Belgrade is Servian, or Athens Greek. One authority has been strangely cited to the contrary (Herr Ippen), and we find on consulting his brochure on "Scutari," that he estimates the Orthodox Christian element as one in thirty-five, and even this, he warns

us, is as much Vlach as Servian. But Scutari is not merely Albanian by blood. It is aggressively and consciously Albanian. Here are the few schools and colleges which have kept alive in the north the faith of this neglected race in its proscribed and persecuted language. From its hills the Malessori tribesmen made their gallant fight for self-government and the national tongue. Its resistance to the besiegers has been, we believe, rather an Albanian than a Turkish effort, maintained largely by volunteers, and even the troops who still wear the Ottoman uniform, with Essad Pasha at their head, are themselves mainly Albanians by race. We should be better able to understand the readiness of some English Liberals, who are nationalists in their general standpoint, to subject this Albanian region to Montenegrin rule, if the Montenegrins were a race on a markedly higher level of culture. The facts are quite otherwise. There is nothing to choose in point of civilisation between the hillmen of the two races. They are both medieval bordermen, brave, ignorant, cruel, and primitive. But of the two stocks, the Albanians are held by good observers to be the more industrious, the more successful in the arts of peace, less liable to the corruptions of a sudden civilisation, and more eager to acquire knowledge. Their progress, slow indeed, and very partial, has been won against all the handicap of Turkish misrule. Montenegro has made little use of her secular liberty except to boast of it.

Albania has come into existence by a geographical and political necessity. Austria and Italy are agreed that they will not allow the Adriatic to be closed to them by any Power which might have formidable military backing. It is the same reasoning which made it with us a capital point of policy to defend the neutrality of Belgium and to exclude any great Continental Power from Antwerp and the Scheldt. It is as respectable a motive as most of the forces which govern high politics and enable Europe to possess a common mind and to enforce a common will. It happens to be no affair of ours, but as a disinterested Power, we can assent to it, because, by a happy accident, it gives effect to our own principle of nationality. Nothing, we think, can be argued against the future prospects of Albanian nationality on the mere ground that this attractive race is relatively backward to-day. It is backward because it lacked an organisation and a rallying point. The Greeks survived and even progressed under Turkish rule, first, because they had always a great national Church, and then because they acquired, three generations ago, the nucleus of a kingdom. The Slavs revived and progressed, first, because they had Russia behind them, and then because they, too, achieved partial liberation. In the worst periods of massacre and misrule, the obscurest village in Macedonia was never quite friendless and unaided. Greek or Slav, it had its national school, its national church, its refuge ready in Athens or Sofia, and its open road of appeal to the benevolence and protection of Europe. The Albanians, because they had neither a historic church, nor a free nation of race-fellows beyond their borders, have been the foundlings of the Balkans. When, at length, devoted pioneers did succeed in

reducing their language to writing, and attempted to found schools, clubs, and printing presses, the heavy hand of the Turks, both Old and Young, fell without mercy upon them. The marvel is that their national idea has none the less commanded the services of so many men of real culture and devotion. The whole Moslem and Catholic population adheres to it. It is only against the attraction of Hellenic culture among the Orthodox minority in the South that its progress has been relatively slow, because it encountered there the prestige of a friendly and superior civilisation. Southern Albania, we do not doubt, could live happily and peacefully under Greek rule. It would be an ingratitude to the great work of the Greek race to dispute its success in winning the devotion at least of the well-to-do middle class among the Christians of the South. But equally it must be recognised that this Hellenisation has been partial. It has not touched the Moslems, who are at once the numerical majority and the influential landed class. It has only lately begun to touch the women, who conserve Albanian as the language of the home. It has, moreover, lost ground in recent years among many of the more promising of the younger men, who are often Albanian by sentiment, in spite of a good Hellenic education.

The problem in fixing the still unsettled boundaries of the South is to make a fair recognition of the great work which Greece has done, while assigning to Albania an area, a population, and a sufficient number of centres of culture to enable her to lead a life of real political and economic independence. The anti-Albanians among us argue that Albania is merely Austria. Deprive her of her large towns, her fertile plains, and her civilised population, and the only fate before her will be to become and remain the satellite and pensioner of Austria. The one chance that she will eventually advance to an effective nationhood and self-respect is that she should have within her borders a population whose enterprise will bring her wealth, whose resources will balance her budget, and whose education will give to her progress a sure and promising direction.

A LONG STEP TO FREE TRADE.

READ in the light of President Woodrow Wilson's message, the new Tariff Bill constitutes the first large step towards an abandonment of the protective policy in the United States. In no other country has that policy produced so full and flourishing a crop of abuses and corruptions. It has endowed particular business interests with the power to plunder the consuming public, poisoning the atmosphere of politics with base intrigue, and furnishing the soil for every sort of profitable privileges to thrive. It has done more than anything else to damage and distort the free development of the natural resources and the free application of ability and labor powers in the greatest industrial area of the modern world. Tariff Reform along the lines of the new proposals will breathe the wholesome breath of life not only into American politics, but into American business.

It will open an era of expanding industry and commerce greater than even the optimism of the average American anticipates.

The actual proposals of the Tariff Bill still leave a considerable amount of protection to American manufactures. But the President's message makes it clear that he himself is by conviction and in policy a Free-trader in the British sense of the word, and that, if the nation continues to support him, he will "abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege or of any kind of artificial advantage." The present measure goes as far as is at present expedient, or even financially feasible. It places on the list of free imports all the chief food-stuffs and the raw materials of manufacture, and it abolishes or cuts down the duties upon all orders of manufactured goods that fall within the ordinary standard of popular consumption. The new free list includes also a number of manufactures which are under the control of trusts and combines, and which, in consequence, command extortionate prices. The largest cuts are in the woollen goods, where in some cases the duties are reduced by 75 per cent. But over a wide range of schedules, the reduction averages about 50 per cent. The only increases of duty are upon luxuries. The net effect of the reductions upon revenue is estimated to amount to some eighty million dollars per annum. But the relief to the consuming public must be put at many times that amount. It is notorious that for every dollar brought into the public purse, many dollars have passed into the private purses of the manufacturers and merchants for whose profit and by whose instigation this dishonest system was maintained.

But in America, as elsewhere, there is many a slip between a Bill and a Statute, and there are not a few critics of the situation who, pointing back to the Wilson Tariff of twenty years ago, predict a similar failure for the new proposals. There are, however, many circumstances which distinguish favorably the chances of the present Bill. In the first place, the Democratic policy of to-day is not complicated, as was the case in 1893, by the monetary issue which occupied the bulk of the first Session of Mr. Cleveland's term, and consumed much of his influence before the tariff came up for settlement. Hardly less important is the new situation of the Senate, hitherto the stronghold of the privileged interests and screened from the full pressure of public sentiment by the indirectness of its contact with the people. A constitutional amendment for the direct election of Senators has already obtained the adhesion of almost the required three-quarters of the States, and it is tolerably certain that this measure will shortly be adopted. The present Senate, therefore, is far less likely to flout public opinion than was the case in Mr. Cleveland's Administration. Nor can the fact be ignored that Dr. Wilson is a man of more powerful convictions and stronger driving power than could be accredited to Mr. Cleveland.

More important than all these changes of political circumstances is the recent development of economic pressure against the protective policy. The rise of

prices, high even in this country, has been aggravated beyond endurance in America, and the resentment of the wage-earners against the imposts put upon their bread, meat, milk, coal, clothing, and other necessities by the groups of local or national monopolies will not permit the less scrupulous of Democratic politicians to sell the pass, as they did in Cleveland's time. Finally, the recently carried constitutional amendment, authorising a Federal income tax, removes the most formidable weapon of the Protectionists. So long as the tariff was the only large legitimate source of Federal revenue, it was easy to argue against any large reduction of tariffs as endangering the financial stability and progress of the country. The proposal, coupled with Tariff Reform, to recoup the Federal exchequer for losses of import revenues by means of a progressive income tax, removes the only serious argument that could be brought against so radical a reform. But Protectionists have seldom relied upon arguments. They have wielded other and more pliable weapons. Some opponents of Dr. Wilson's policy doubtless look to divisions in the Democratic Party for a process of destruction or of mutilation. The Southern sugar interest, they point out, has already prevented sugar from figuring at once upon the free list, and there are other businesses in Democratic States which will shortly show their fangs. Just as in the Republican Party there has long been an anti-Protective section, so among the Democrats, both in Congress and the country, there are strong strains of Protectionist feeling. Mr. Underwood, the leader of the Democratic Party on the floor of the House of Representatives, is an avowed supporter of a high tariff, and will doubtless do his utmost to extort considerable modifications of the measure in its passage through Committee.

But those who rely upon these business and tactical intrigues for a repetition of the catastrophe of 1893 are surely doomed to disappointment. For the identification of the Tariff with the tyranny of wealth in America has been staggering in its completeness. The conscious antagonism between wealth and poverty has gone nearer to the realisation of a class-war than in any of our European countries. Mr. Roosevelt and his new Progressive Party have, indeed, fastened their hopes upon this antagonism. Mr. Roosevelt's bid for power was of so revolutionary a character that it might have been expected to sweep the electorate. Why did it not? Because, amid all his promises, there was one lacking. He refused to sweep away what everybody knew to be the first and most fatal barrier to all effective liberty and purity of political life, the Tariff. To our mind, there is no stronger ground than this for the conviction that the American people mean to have done with Protection, and that Conservative Democrats will not dare to wreck the Bill.

Though the Tariff proposals have for the moment absorbed the public attention, hardly less importance attaches to the Income Tax that is to repair the breach in Federal revenue. The distinctive features of this tax are, first, its high standard of exemption, which converts

it practically to a tax upon riches; and, secondly, the high estimate of the sum which so prescribed a tax is expected to yield. It is difficult to believe that the volume of wealth in America is so great and its distribution so uneven that a tax which rises to no more than 4 per cent. on incomes over £20,000 will yield a revenue of £25,000,000 per annum. But however this may be, the structure of the Income Tax is such as to give prominence to the view that it is part of an organised plan to clip the exuberances of wealth and to compel the prosperous classes in America to pay their share towards the upkeep of the Government instead of using that Government, as heretofore, for a stalking-horse in their profitable business game. This larger significance of the policy to which Dr. Woodrow Wilson has set his hand may, indeed, be clearly read in the compact sentences that form the marrow of his message. "Consciously or unconsciously, we have built up a set of privileges and exemptions from competition behind which it was easy for any, even the crudest form of combination, to organise monopoly, until at last nothing is normal, nothing is obliged to stand the tests of efficiency and economy, in our world of big business, but everything thrives by concerted agreement. Only new principles of action will save us from a final hard crystallisation of monopoly and a complete loss of the influences that quicken enterprise and keep independent energy alive."

COTTAGE BUILDING BY THE LANDLORD.

THAT Rural Housing should have become the subject of vigorous and heated Parliamentary debate is in itself a gain. It is a step, though, of course, only the first step, towards reform. That such reform is urgent, and that it must come either by a more vigorous administration of the existing Housing Acts, or by grants from public funds, or by an increase in the laborer's wage, or by all these methods and instruments together, is the accepted point from which the discussion starts. But as soon as any definite proposal is made, the harmony is at an end.

Last week's debate on Mr. Fletcher's Rural Cottagers Bill revealed very clearly the difficulties which lie ahead. There are profound differences of aim and ideal among rural housing reformers. Liberals and Unionists are honestly agreed in the desire to see the laborer better housed. But the former are determined that this shall not be done in such a way as to fix his present social and economic dependence on the landlord and the farmer. The latter, so long as they can relieve him from physical hardship, are content to see him remain the essentially unfree figure that he is to-day. The new Bill provides for State loans to landowners at the uneconomic rate of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., with a sinking fund of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to enable them to build laborers' cottages. The loans are to be for a period of 68½ years. The landowner is to repay a part of the loan by handing over the actual rents received, and by defraying the charge for sinking fund. The rest of the repayment is to come from the Development Fund, which

is to be drawn upon to the extent of £200,000 a year. No rates or taxes are to be paid by the owner on the cottages, and they are to become the property of the landlord when the loan is repaid. These loans are only to be made to landowners who provide the land for the cottage free. Conditions are laid down as to good sanitation and the provision of gardens, and the rent is not to exceed 2s. per week. The Bill provides similar financial facilities for Rural District Councils, but only in the event of the landowners being unwilling to accept these terms, and then only under special restrictions.

The scheme for loans to landowners is admittedly the heart of the Bill. It is this which distinguishes it from that of Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, which was introduced last year, and will shortly be introduced again. That Bill frankly recognises the local authority as the medium through which the cottage accommodation required to meet the present deficiency must in the main be provided. The Unionist Party in this, as in so many other matters, is divided against itself. The Griffith-Boscawen group is at odds with the Fletcher group. The former repudiates, while the latter endorses, the idea of galvanising a dying social order into life. Whatever be the true solution of the rural housing problem, it is not to be found in making the rural landowner the master of scores of new cottage tenants stripped of all security save his benevolence. "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,*" can we hope to make the laborer's home his castle. The Bill would add greatly to the landlord's power and prestige. Whether it would add to his income is a minor point, though it occupied a good deal of time in the debate. One of two things must be true. Either the scheme is a "business proposition," in which case it means a dole to the landlord, or it is not, in which case it would perpetuate a charitable system of State management which can only pile up popularity for the owner at the expense of the countryside as a whole. We have not exhausted the defects of the Bill. The proposal to fix rents for all time at an uneconomic level must tend to stereotype low wages. The scheme is, in its essence, a deluding one, for the cottages it would provide could only be built by State help, and yet must appear to the tenants to be the fruit of the landlord's benevolence.

But while this Unionist proposal is manifestly unacceptable, we cannot profess satisfaction with the character of the attack directed against it from the Liberal benches. The unofficial critics properly denounced the Bill on the ground that it gave a fresh dole to rural landlords and that it failed to secure independence and security for the laborer. But they were unable to suggest an adequate alternative. The official spokesman of the Government, Mr. John Burns, seems to be as far as ever from realising the magnitude of the problem. A free hand for the Local Government Board is still his only policy, relieved by a faint admission of the necessity of raising wages. Now, if the question at issue were the provision of a few thousand cottages in certain special areas the Housing Act of 1909 might suffice. But the question is admitted on all

hands to be a far wider one. Not thousands of cottages, but tens of thousands are required, if the scandals of overcrowding and depopulation, and the lowering of the standard of life in rural districts, are to be removed. We believe that, taking a very moderate estimate of the shortage, and allowing for no increase in the rural population, the building of 100,000 new cottages is an urgent necessity. The old system under which, in normal cases, the rural landlord provided housing accommodation for the village has almost completely broken down and some alternative must be found. The local authority has not acted, mainly for fear of burdening the rates, and the central authority has neither supplied the adequate pressure nor found the financial inducement. The Local Government Board has no adequate powers for such work, and is not likely to acquire them. It lacks the will, the staff, and the organisation.

Now it is right to look to rising wages, whether by State action or otherwise, as the ultimate remedy. All other devices are, in a sense, palliatives, and therefore they should be so devised as to lead up to a state of affairs in which the cottager will be able out of his own earnings to pay a rent representing a commercial return on the outlay required for building. The building of cottages, whether by the local authority or otherwise, would then proceed on economic lines. But this state of affairs cannot be reached in a day. Even if Wages Boards were established on the lines of the Trade Boards Act, and were instructed to have regard to the sum needed to ensure a commercial rent for a cottage, it is impossible to believe that they would raise wages at a single bound to a point which would release that sum for cottage rent after allowing for adequate maintenance for a family. Wages would probably be raised by slow degrees, and the first increases would be ear-marked in the laborer's budget for necessary additional food and clothing. In view of these facts, is it possible to rule out, in Mr. Burns's touch-and-go phrasing, any idea of a subvention from either taxes or rates? The matter cannot be dismissed by light words about "charity rents" and "out-relief in bricks and mortar." We cannot start from the assumption that any State or Municipal assistance in providing houses is forbidden either by economic theory or by political expediency. The provision of a cottage at a fraction below its cost price need be no more demoralising than a system of National Insurance or Old Age Pensions. Indeed, Mr. Burns has, within the past year, abandoned his own principle. The Housing Act of 1909 has, as he claims, at last begun to operate with some effect in a number of rural districts. Why? Because the President of the Local Government Board has himself been driven to put pressure on Rural District Councils to build cottages, even where such building will entail a small charge on the rates. The Edgfield Housing Scheme, as Mr. Hugh Aronson pointed out in a recent letter in our columns, will entail a rate of 2d. in the £ on the parish; but it has none the less received Mr. Burns's consent. His practice has been successful in the exact degree in which it has contravened his theory. We do not complain of it on that account, but the incessant rehearsal of this

abandoned prudery will certainly be embarrassing to the Government in the near future.

It is time that the Liberal Party made up its mind how far it is prepared to go, and under what conditions, along the road which has thus been opened. No entirely satisfactory scheme has been devised. It may be that the housing question cannot be treated by itself, but must be dealt with as part of a general revision of our system of Grants in Aid, under which the Exchequer subventions may be made more elastic, and may be used to give increased relief to the ratepayer in return for a larger measure of central control. Two essential conditions, however, must clearly be observed. The housing subvention, if any, must be a diminishing one, must lead to the raising of cottage rents to a commercial level, and must not stand in the way of the raising of wages. Secondly, it must provide the laborer, not only with a home, but with a home for which he will feel beholden to no private individual, and in which he will be able to call his soul his own.

A London Diary.

THE news of the middle week has been much more favorable to peace than the earlier situation, of which statesmen spoke in the gravest possible tone. It is still quite serious, but so far as the Scutari trouble can be isolated from the rest of the entanglements, it looks more promising. Broadly speaking, the peace is likely to hold so long as the Tsar (who is honest and pacific, but not strong) retains M. Sazonoff and works with him, keeping the Isvolsky-Hartwig influence in tolerable subjection. The local trouble does not extend, and it is not at all clear that Serbia is prepared to go all lengths with Montenegro.

THE next step will probably be the extension of the area of the blockade, and that again can be effected without a breach of the Concert. If by that time it is possible to arrange with the Turks to place the disposition of Albania in the hands of the Powers, so that the Albanian character and destiny of Scutari can be made perfectly clear to the world, the settlement ought to be advanced a little further. But the Austro-Russian estrangement is not the only danger. Next to it comes the very genuine German fear of the Alsatian movement (Germans think very little of the Russian Army, but a good deal of the Russian gold reserve). That movement has been so diligently fostered in France—at this hour five Alsatian plays are running in Paris—that it has become a literary and almost a popular passion. Behind it lies the cult of a greatly improved and well-organized army. Happily, these antagonisms are somewhat blunted when they meet the far better Anglo-German situation, and the greatly increased and very wisely directed influence of Britain.

SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON is not far from the close of his service as Permanent Secretary to the Foreign Office, at the time when its Russophile policy, which he did so much to develop, is coming to an end, too. It is a matter

of no small interest who is to come after him. Probably his most considerable successor would be Sir Eyre Crowe, who has great knowledge and a long family association with diplomacy and European commerce and affairs, and is undeniably able. He has some prepossessions which hardly consort with the later tendency of our foreign policy, and he does not exactly belong to the High Caste which absorbs offices as by a function of Nature almost as sacred to it as Mr. Pecksniff found his digestion. Therefore his appointment is by no means certain.

As the session goes on, the Opposition become more and more freakish. Their ingenuity in the laying of ambushes and the springing of surprises is endless—one can only surmise that in the organisation of this part of their business they must have enlisted the services of one of the best brains in the Boy Scout movement. On the other hand, they are capable at times of rising to conceptions of responsible statecraft—witness the tribute recently paid by Mr. Asquith to their abstention from hampering tactics in the sphere of foreign affairs. But perhaps it is the leader not in the Commons, but in the Lords, who should have the credit of this exception to what can only be described as a general rule of levity. I believe the Nationalists had good ground the other day for their suspicions of a possible "snap" of a peculiarly cunning sort on the introduction of the Plural Voting Bill, and that it was chiefly their vigilance that frustrated the attempt. One scarcely knows which to admire more—the brooding perseverance which evolves those flighty plots, or the intelligence by which they are headed off.

THE new Liberal organization, under the management of the Whips, for controlling members and marshalling an adequate force at a given moment, has been skilfully arranged. The fear of a defeat on a snap division will hang over Liberal members for the whole session. The trouble is a simple one. About 200 Liberal members are in constant attendance; but there are nearly a hundred whose attendance is irregular, and whose presence cannot be depended upon. It would have a salutary effect if the names of those members were published who persistently absent themselves unpaired, or without warning or adequate reason to the Whips. Their constituencies would probably take the matter in hand.

It is hoped that the second reading of the Women's Franchise Bill will be taken before the Whitsuntide recess, and that at least a day and a half, if not two days, will be given to the discussion.

A RETURNED traveller from Egypt and Khartoum gives me an interesting picture—not at all that of an enthusiast—of the material advance of the country under Kitchener. The picture, indeed, was all Kitchener. The Khedive remains a rather difficult and not always tractable element. Nationalism has almost disappeared. Kitchener's personality, his methods of work (curiously Oriental in spirit and even in detail), his passion for the fellahen, and his subordination of all government to their needs, are entirely dominant. Now that the great dam has succeeded so well (all along the area it affects two crops are being raised in place of one), there is to be

another at Sennar on the Blue Nile—the one substantial hope of making the empty, costly Soudan “pay,” and turning Egypt into a working proposition. To this end Kitchener bends all his energies. Accessible to all, indifferent to the etiquette of the Circumlocution Office, he marches along, a magnified non-natural Cadi, with a kind of cold fury for results. The other day an apparently new disease was reported on a distant cotton farm. Kitchener ordered an instant official inquiry. Two or three days later he called for the report. It had not been begun. Instantly a special train was ordered, and Kitchener had made his observations on the spot.

THE Putumayo Parliamentary Committee has again been full of interest this week. The appearance of Mr. Julio Cesar Arana to give evidence was in itself enough to draw large audiences. He is a regular type of the Peruvian half-caste—Spanish, with a strong dash of some native Indian blood. Black hair, dark brown skin, dark, quick eyes, a short grey beard, a powerful figure inclined to stoutness—that is one's impression of the man who is at least suspected of the chief guilt in the Putumayo abominations. On the whole, he makes a “good witness.” He keeps perfectly cool, and answers distinctly and with deliberation, but it is extremely difficult to get a direct answer out of him. The difficulty is perhaps increased by the necessity of using an interpreter. The official interpreter is, I believe, a Portuguese, and his translations did not appear to me remarkably good. Mr. W. Young, M.P., knows Spanish well, but even so a good many points were missed.

THE dramatic moment came when Mr. Arana was confronted with Mr. Hardenburg, who first revealed the horrible Putumayo story. Mr. Hardenburg is a striking contrast. Very pale, clean-shaven, slight, rather bald, though still young, he has a distinctly monastic look, but is besides a keen American, with firm-set mouth, and an air of strong determination. He was sitting close behind Mr. Arana, and at Mr. Swift McNeill's request, Mr. Arana turned round, and stood face to face with his enemy. They had not met since a brief interview at Iquitos, over five years ago. A good deal has happened since.

I was always impressed by an aspect in Professor Dowden's character to which I find no reference in the obituary notices—the contrast between his scholar's manner and habit of thought, and his vehemence as a politician. Dowden's talk, and his literary controversies, were always conducted, not only without heat, but with singular calm and amenity. The intimates of his life can rarely have had a rough word or a flash of temper from him. But, put him on a Unionist platform, and his speech became vitriol. I have noticed the same contrast in other scholar-politicians; but in Dowden's case it seemed almost eccentric. Possibly this was because one did not expect to find the biographer and apologist of Shelley, the chaperon of Walt Whitman, taking up his song against national freedom. I think it was also heightened by his appearance. For Dowden was the scholar *par excellence*, dignified and gravely pensive in bearing, with a finely-formed head, and a graceful stoop.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

“THE MYSTIC TOUCH.”

How natural it is to conceive of politics in terms of machinery common language testifies. For though reflection makes us aware of the inadequacy of all mechanical expressions to describe the subtle spiritual life which informs all processes of government, there is a persistent tendency to revert to the mechanical conception. Indeed, it may be truly said that, so long as this tendency survives, politics has not attained the status of a genuinely human art. For as Lord Morley suggested at Oxford, there are two qualities, even virtues, of a mechanism which conflict with the requirements of humanity—its rigidity of structure and its uniformity of action. A machine has not within itself the capacity of growth, nor can it adapt itself to individual cases. To certain sorts of political system-mongers, this lack of adaptability did not much matter. For government, as they conceived it, was rightly confined to the performance of certain routine tasks of public defence and social order. The laws required for such government were no respecters of persons, and took no cognisance of details. The pride of this incompetence was, indeed, enshrined in two characteristic maxims. It is, however, fair to add that this mechanical view was usually supported by conceptions of the uniformity of human nature, and of the requirements of government, which prevailed before the dawn of modern psychology and of evolutionary teaching. Not merely Adam Smith and Bentham, with their narrowly restricted State, but Robert Owen and the framers of complex schemes of social co-operation, regarded the problem of government as consisting in the construction of an apparatus of laws and regulations, the utility of which would appeal to the intelligent self-interest of all members of society, and would evoke from them an operative motive of good-will. Once establish a really harmonious system of human institutions, accommodated to the common needs and desires of “human nature,” and all will be well.

There were indeed vigorous critics who called in question the ethical basis of this political rationalism, the attempt “to grind out virtue from the husks of pleasure.” But so long as conservative notions of State functions prevailed, the full inadequacy of the mechanical conception was not manifest. Even when evolutionary ideas began to invade politics, and a more constructive and progressive view of the modern State began to grow, the spiritual conception of government remained very inchoate. Though “organic metaphors” began to be applied more freely by political theorists, their absorption in problems of representation and doctrines of “the general will” prevented them from confronting the more fundamental difficulties of the art of politics. Even Socialism, so long as it remained in a region of lofty aspirations and general phrases, could set aside with scorn the objections raised against it on the ground that it took too lofty a view of the moral and intellectual capabilities of human nature. Through all these processes of academic or of popular thinking, there ran the latent assumption that the desirable political system was one of well-adjusted and equitable regulations and institutions to be “worked” or “run” by a body of trained, efficient officials, whose honesty and zeal would be nourished and stimulated by a watchful public.

Not until able Socialists, like Mr. Sidney Webb, set themselves to a close study of the requirements of good government in its local and national spheres, were the deficiencies of this loose thinking thoroughly exposed. On the one hand, it became evident that the functions of the modern State must be far more elaborate and refined than the earlier Socialistic theories suggested. On the other, it became equally obvious that no sort of natural wisdom or common education could enable “the people” to undertake the actual work of self-government, either in the way of determining the course of legislation or controlling administration. All the real work of government must evidently be planned,

determined, and executed by expert officials, upon whose trained intellect and judgment the practical success of all government must depend. The representative system will afford to the people an indirect mode of contact and even of co-operation with this expert government, and will supply the desirable amount of "consent of the governed." The general will, thus carefully regulated and directed, may be innocuous or even mildly beneficial. But there must be no opportunity by which the essentially ignorant and incompetent electorate may directly or effectively interfere with what their expert agents know to be good for them.

As soon as this sort of State bureaucracy began to be realised, it raised various objections. It was mechanical, tyrannical, and deficient in social motor-power. The splendid benefits it promised were too dear at the price of liberty, and could not be got out of what, after all, was an exceedingly intricate and ingenious slot machine. Now, the resourcefulness of Mr. Webb and his associates has never been shown to such advantage as in the attempt to meet such criticism. The defects of political machinery are really two, they urge. The first is the torpor of the functionary who "works" the machine. The second is the inability of the machine to make particular provisions for individual "cases." Both defects Mr. Webb claims to cure. How? By improving the machinery. By making the mechanism so complex, so self-adjusting, that it virtually becomes an organism! You object that a machine requires as a condition of its economy that it shall turn out many goods of precisely the same pattern, *i.e.*, that it shall ignore idiosyncracies of taste and need. He replies that the really expert administrative machine can transcend this economy and deal with individuals. You object that a machinery, so delicately human, will imply too much discretion and too dangerous a power in the functionaries who stand at the innumerable points and work it. He replies that, just as the "cases" shall no longer be mere "cases," but individual human problems, so the functionaries shall be similarly humanised.

Thus, by this twofold reform the humanising trick is done, and the mechanism becomes a living, spiritual organism. Do you still demur, and seek to probe a little closer into the method of humanising the machinery? A surprise awaits you. The answer which used to meet those who boggled at the absolutism of the expert official in the State machine was to present them with a regulative tool in the shape of a "skilled representative," who was to exercise the function of intelligent criticism for which the people were incompetent. More recently, in the treatment of the poor and otherwise defective classes, an endeavor was made to oil the bearings of the official machinery by gathering the voluntary goodwill of private citizens and neighbors into committees endowed with advisory and other minor functions of administration. But it is now evident that Mr. Webb perceives the inadequacy of this humanising method, and recognises the need of more definitely spiritual powers. We may even conjecture that a chief motive for his latest and most interesting project, the publication of a weekly review, the first issue of which appears this week, is to expose the sources and the modes of the new spiritual gospel. With characteristic modesty, Mr. Webb, in an interview appearing a few days ago, but very briefly indicates the nature of this interesting theme. "'The New Statesman,'" he tells us, "will not only be sanely and constructively collectivist, but it will also have the mystic touch."

So the secret is out. The transforming power, required to humanise the political mechanism, is to be found not in any ordinary human benevolence or in the vulgar play of "the general will," but in a finer, rarer, spiritual atmosphere. It is a just instinct of audacity which thus brings our arch-mechanists to mysticism as the source of their new motor-power. For by this claim they at once furnish themselves with a convincing rebuttal of the main charge of institutionalism, and place themselves in close contact with the latest new current of spiritual revival in this country. There are many signs that mysticism, the religion of direct personal experience, is gaining ground. A remarkable article in

a recent Literary Supplement of the "Times" gives reasons for believing that a movement originating among scholars and thinkers is now spreading in ever-widening circles, and is destined to compare in significance and earnestness with the Tractarianism of seventy years ago. The writer holds that, just as the earlier religious revival was "the recovery of the corporate idea," so now the new spiritual *motif* is "a direct intercourse between God and the individual soul, and of a faith which rests, not on authority and tradition, but on an innate claim and longing of the soul, progressively satisfied by spiritual experience."

To launch the new statecraft on this rising tide is certainly a master-stroke of dexterity. To unite the science of the West with this esoteric wisdom of the East has been the dream of many cultured speculators. Are we now to witness its successful accomplishment, and in this most difficult field of practical endeavor? For the "Times" writer expressly opposes mysticism to what he calls "an exaggerated institutionalism." What a splendid challenge to the new statecraft to seize this veritable source of spiritual power and use it for the great transforming miracle! As man grows into superman, the expert, so may his most elaborate machinery shed its mechanism by "the mystic touch," and become a super-mechanism, indistinguishable to the naked eye from a true spiritual organism. So may we reach in time the ideal State in which the bureaucrat shall be sustained in his direction of affairs by an illuminating vision, and "sane collectivism" be hallowed by "the mystic touch."

THE BOOK WITH SEVEN SEALS.

It is no wonder that historians have filled a week, and that to professors of the past a chairman's bell has vainly recalled the transitory pulse of hours. Time is their province, and (to adopt the hymnist's hyperbole) eternity were too short to utter all the marvels they have unearthed within its frontier. It is theirs to burrow and browse over that vast region of recorded nothingness which has vanished since the unimaginable moment when the sun shook off this fireball of earth to the exact distance where, suddenly, it was held spinning in orbit by some leash invisible as Marconi's wire. From that moment up to vanished yesterday all is theirs. Or if, in despair at life's brevity, they should apportion to other sciences the records of molten rocks and water's gradual erosion, still there remains to them the ages of man's metamorphoses, and a fraction of some hundred million years may occupy six afternoons.

The skull of the Sussex Ouse was a mother many millenniums before Eve, and yet we may call it woman. Rome's foundation was thought to fix an early date, but had Romulus sunk a ten-foot shaft below the surface of his Forum, he would have found the beehive urns of a race already forgotten, and from doll's house models constructed in the similitude of pastoral habitations, he might have recovered the toys and combs of children mingled with their immemorial bones. What thoughts filled that chinless head as it swung through giant trees all the way from France to summer in the north, or whose were the infants that oblivion already hid from Romulus is not beyond all conjecture of historians. Add the theories which they themselves this week have openly elucidated. What song the Hittites sang, what mystery the Egyptians apprehended as a cat, what fish the Lake Dweller refused to cook lest it should contain the family soul, what foreign conquests Pisistratus devised, what lonely God was accepted before Constantine legalised our faith, and whether the dust which handed life onward to our English bones is now blown through Middlesex as earth or ash—those are speculations to which curiosity may fitly stimulate learning.

One of the hardest tasks of reason is to acknowledge that the past nowhere exists, but can be surmised only from the scratches it has left in passing. Age by age we can dimly discern a thing transforming itself from jelly, dividing sex, adding a limb every myriad years,

knotting the backbone into a lump for head, shedding the wing in evil hour, and clinging by a tail where once it perched. When history begins, time had already run ninety-nine-hundredths of its course. Man's record has covered less than the last minute of time's hour. His appearance was but the brief prelude to his end, nor can we suppose the earth to endure through another tithe of her present age before the everlasting chill shall freeze her. Into the final lap of life's panting race have been compressed the events of history whose dates we are enforced to meditate at school, receiving stripes if we err by the ticking of one imperceptible twelvemonth. The granite gods have come and gone within that lap, and kings enthroned between the hoofs of bearded bulls. Obscure hordes have emerged from Cimmerian darkness, and into darkness been engulfed. For a second the lamp of Greece has twinkled, and Rome's beneficence endured while one could say "It lightens." A little book now holds the conquests of Alexander, and who cares which Ptolemy succeeded which? Swarm after swarm of Goths and Huns have trampled the European plains, and after milking mares and flaying sheep, have passed from nowhere into nothing, leaving behind them scarcely the vestige of their tombs. It would be long to tell of Charlemagne's crown, of Pontarabia and Aspromont, of Crusading hosts and the sword of Saladin. Now is not the moment to recount how men, endowed with discourse of reason, shed their brief lives in the hope that one paltry animal of a king should rule them rather than another, or tore their brothers limb from limb, confidently expecting thus to amend a divergent opinion upon the ineffable mysteries of God; nor can we here enumerate the embattled arms with which the manhood of two nations fought for a plot not tomb enough, nor continent, to hide the slain; nor how into the fairest of earth's peninsulas the Turkish conquerors came, and are gone.

But even if this were told, three-quarters of the world would remain unnoticed, and in casting the balance of time's account, a hemisphere, long waiting till at full gallop it was overrun, would stand as a deficit; nor less would innumerable Asia and the black multitudes of Africa, generating and departing unrecorded as her native ants. Even when the utmost in this kind has been accomplished, the historian discovers that all such arduously reconstructed narrations of violence, peregrinations, dynasties, and events are but the figures of a ledger, the binding of the Book with Seven Seals, the skeleton of a house, the containing pot of his cookery. Into the hotch-potch of non-existence he must thereafter fling what scraps he may collect of thoughts that once were living, of dress, and laws, and games, of sleeping and uprising, of food, of marriage, and birth, of arts and manufacturing devices, of the growth of merchantships from shapeless logs, of the inventions of poets and priests, the various forms of worship, the departed gods, and of laughter dead. For though the past exists no longer, we may probably say of it, as the King of Brodingnag said of Gulliver's reported home: "We dare engage these creatures had their titles and distinctions of honor, they contrived little nests and burrows, that they called houses and cities; they made a figure in dress and equipage; they loved, they fought, they disputed, they cheated, they betrayed."

One would have thought that these relics of oblivion might afford the living historians subject enough for a seven-night's meditation. But, with soul unfettered to the grave of ages, Mr. James Bryce, in his presidential address, coupled future uncertainty with those departed ghosts. Prophecy is not necessarily more inaccurate than history, nor should we suppose it to be more difficult, if only the prophet has the discernment to foresee. It is true, the generations long unborn may in a future prove him false; but so might the generations of those long dead rebuke the historian, could they but speak; and, in either case, immediate confutation is unlikely. Dr. A. W. Ward, who read Mr. Bryce's paper, quoted the platitudinous saying of Leibnitz—so fine a platitude that it has almost won the value of a paradox—"The present is charged with the past, and

big with the future." Seeing, then, that this passing moment, century, or age, holds the one as fully contained within itself as the other, the discriminating mind should foretell what is to come as securely as narrate what has gone by. For it can hardly be that those few and meagre scratches upon the sand by which, as we have seen, historians attempt to steady their meanderings, can affect a difference worth considering. Imagine all of them destroyed; imagine that vanished time has left no trace of human record (as for incalculable ages it left none); we suppose that no historian worthy of the name would hesitate, from the aspect of the world around him, to reconstruct man's past. Why, then, should he hesitate to construct the future, which the present holds equally contained within it? At the worst, the result could not be more remarkable.

Anciently it was thought that prophets of the future resembled unborn babes conversing upon this present life; but foresight has increased its range, as muskets have, and no apprehension of error deterred Mr. Bryce from the prophetic robe. The world, he said, is rapidly becoming one. For the first time the whole surface of the earth is known to Europeans now. Three centuries ago the Religious Doctor could reflect: "That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us." It is so no longer. America is quick with life, and we shall as soon encounter a ghost returning as explore an undiscovered country. No mysterious realm is now left for our wonder, no circumference of ocean teeming with mermaids and monstrous births, no desert where the unicorn prances in ducal coronet and golden chains. All is reduced to ordered knowledge now, and amid Africa's sunny fountains we have met a geographer disturbed because his measured chart was three yards out. Already, says Mr. Bryce, the destiny of the globe is swayed by eight chief Powers, and only two more can even be conceived as growing great. With his prophetic eye he approves the day, scarcely beyond the reach of living babies grown to dotage, when the races of man will speak scarcely twenty tongues. Add a few years more, and we may discern a generation in which all mankind will understand the other's speech, and Babel be confounded.

The forms of religion Dr. Bryce perceives to be already reduced to four (overlooking, perhaps, the sanctuary which an upholsterer has opened in our mews), and of these four he thinks that one will presently disappear, as in a partial Twilight of the Gods. Which is the one that he marks out for death would be a fitting subject for a Sabbath speculation, but we should suppose an imbecile and tottering Sultan suggests to him the fall of Islam, perhaps too soon. So the world is known throughout her orb; eight big forces, with a possible maximum of ten, control her destinies; the tongues will fall to twenty, half-a-dozen of which will escort a traveller round the globe; only four aspects of God will remain for worship, and one of those will presently die. That is, in brief, the historian's prophecy, and he takes into his regard a future of less than eighty years. What, then, is the result which he can bid mankind expect with hope? A unity of the world, a growth of friendliness and brotherly love, a development of commerce, a freedom of intercourse that will make wars and slaughters to cease. "Seid umschlungen," cried Schiller in his Ode to Joy:—

"Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!"

That was a stirring appeal, though the poet, who died shortly before the battle of Jena, did not live to see the millions embrace each other in response. Such temporary delay should not discourage a latter-day prophet from auguries of equal loving-kindness. Nothing should discourage a prophet who can thus decipher the future out of the present time. And yet it is an untoward accident that as we read this prophecy of joy, a newly prepared table lies before us, showing at one glance the number of millions which those eight chief Powers are now holding in readiness, not to embrace bosoms with a universal kiss, but with unexampled celerity to shoot each other dead.

THE FLATTERY OF SATIRE.

Our forefathers were an envy and a wonder to their neighbors because they had tethered their kings. They marvelled at our fathers because they had tamed their revolutionists. It is an exploit no less singular and insular that we have fettered our satirists and our caricaturists. Everywhere else the artist who gives his pen to satire is a militant and a partisan. No one looks to him for impartiality and the judicial temper. He is a combatant in the fighting-line, and his comrades ask of him that he shall hurl at the foe the extremest statement of their angers and contempts. Their orators may make concessions and their writers formulate reserves. But the caricaturist must see with the enlightenment of hate, and draw with a courage that does not fear to wound. He is the picador of their ring. His function is to provoke and exacerbate. He ranges himself decisively with a party and takes his stand at its extremist wing. The fiercer the conflict, the more likely is it that he will rise to the height of great imaginative work. One may doubt whether caricature has ever risen so decisively to the level of great creative art as during the two years of the abortive Russian revolution. The cartoons of that time have all of them a gesture of defiance. They are challenges in line to mortal combat; they are etched with unbuttoned foils; they are bids and provocations to Siberia. There is something of the same quality in the work which Steinlen did in France during the more restive years of the Socialist and Syndicalist agitation. He saw with the eyes of hungry men, and drew with the anger that comes hot from bloodshed. One cannot think of any English artist who has made of his pencil a weapon of social combat. Gillray with his rude brutality revealed, indeed, the temperament for such work when he pursued Napoleon and the whole revolutionary idea. But he had behind him a nation rather than a party. One might suppose that the instinct for such work was totally foreign to our character, were it not that Mr. Dyson has begun to evolve it with spirit and originality in the cartoons which he contributes to the "Daily Herald." The classical work of English satire makes a tradition of its own. It is the tradition of "Punch," and the social historian will have to ask himself how far it was the national temper which created an organ of moderate and impartial satire, without tendencies or aims, and how far it was "Punch's" long monopoly of pictorial fun which itself helped to make the limitations and the graces of English humor.

There have been stronger satirists and more interesting draughtsmen on Mr. Punch's staff than George Du Maurier, to whose work Mr. Martin Wood has just dedicated a study as readable as it is sympathetic (Chatto & Windus). Keene was a robust and Phil May a more daring mind. But it would be hard to name an artist who represented so exactly, alike in his graces and in his limitations, the well-bred and acquiescent humors of the Victorian Age. Satire by this tradition had been forbidden to wound. It consoled itself by sitting down to please. It was, when one comes to think of it, an audacious and original enterprise. The jester donned his cap and bells, fooled it with a novel tact and delicacy, and contrived, while her laughter hid her blushes, to flatter his Queen more adroitly than the smoothest of her courtiers. Week by week the world turned to these drawings to see its foibles scourged and its weaknesses pilloried. The scourging became a caress, and the pillory resembled a great dame's levée. Here were our follies, our gaucheries, our snobberies. Here, gathered week by week, one might read the things one would gladly forget, and the things one would rather have said otherwise. Here were our Parvenus and our Poseurs, our Charlatans and our *Précieuses Ridicules*. Here were the extravagances of fashion and the languors of affectation. But what an alluring world it is at its worst! There is surely no place like Vanity Fair. If this is all that can be said against us, there cannot on the whole be much amiss. These ladies indulging in their "feline amenities," how graceful and desirable they are! Malice has not spoiled a curve of those pretty cheeks, nor envy hewn an angle in those sinuous forms.

Could they pose themselves more pleasantly if they were Faith and Charity? Could they give to generosity a more Christian expression than to jealousy?

We know all that is to be said against Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. We have overheard the disparagements of her guests. We have caught an echo of the snarls of the lion she hunted—and snared. We have shrugged our shoulders at her meannesses and her persistence, her pitiable aims, and her splendid execution, her poor ambition, and her great success. But the main fact is that she was a really pretty woman. We are always glad to meet her. We, too, aspire to an entry into her drawing-room. What she was, we only half-believe. What she looked like, we entirely accept. And the main fact, we repeat, is that she was a pretty and graceful woman. Once at least Du Maurier tried to convey a moral. It is the famous drawing of "Five o'Clock in Belgrave Square." The great lady reclines languidly in her carriage. Her companion sits obsequious and upright before her. Three little urchins, ragged and shoeless, gaze open-mouthed at the spectacle, while a great footman waits for My Lady to drink her tea. It is a satire on the idle rich. But you will not hastily move from the spectacle. How graceful and decorative are the lines of that luxurious carriage! It flatters the eyes to follow the curve of its springs. There is a soothing coolness in the blackness of the garden that makes the background. How good it is to rest in this shade, and how comfortable the carriage must be! The horses are very tightly reined, but their lines continue the curves of the carriage, and in this, too, the eye must acquiesce. The footman's uniform may be a degradation, but what a fine figure of a man he is! So the eye returns at length to the languid lady in the carriage, and finds her exceedingly beautiful. The eye at least will draw no Republican moral. There are, to be sure, the ragged children. May they have their heart's desire, and grow up to be maids and flunkies in just such a great lady's house!

The fact is that Du Maurier was the subtlest of the Optimists. He stood at the triumph of the Victorian Age, and while his hands applauded, he formed his lips to a smile. It is all a brave and beautiful spectacle, but lest the gods should be jealous, he had the tact to add that it was also—in a certain sense—ridiculous. The result was, we suspect, that instead of killing the fashions which he satirised, he set them. His mirror had about it such grace and distinction, that the world ran to see itself there. Oscar Wilde, the absurdly probable anecdote runs, asked for the favor of a caricature. There was no surer road to popularity. The very absurdities of dress derive grace from his pencil. We can pardon our mothers, as we look at his old "Punch" drawings, even for wearing checks and carrying a bustle. What is more, we can almost suspect him of a magic that could form a physical type. There were more "dark ladies" in England, we are sure, a generation after the Sonnets. There was more ruddy hair after Rossetti had painted. And Du Maurier, in his turn, half-discovered, half-created the proud beauty of his Venus of Milo type. She was always there, we suppose, before he drew her. But she had babbled English when she should have sung in Greek. She had sought disguise, when she should have dared revelation. He gave her consciousness. He taught her carriage. He showed her by what necessary and even auxiliary concessions the superb figure should be draped.

Nor was it only by his beautiful women that he set models to the race. That nursery of his became a type. The ruffianly children of the earlier caricaturists sped to a limbo of barbarian memories. Children, and above all little girls, became again what our grandfathers had never been able to see, ideals of grace instead of imps of mischief. He would have changed the attitude of his generation towards childhood less surely if he had taken to painting Holy Families. He used once more the subtle flattery of the traitorous satirist. We came to laugh and remained to adore. That new boldness and familiarity of children to their elders, which they began to affect in the weak old age of the dying century, did he notice it or did he make it? Certainly he did much to encourage it. Who could resent the

daring licence of little girls, when we saw them as he could draw them, as graceful, as lissom, as their mothers and far more certainly alive? We question whether even his satires of the æsthetic movement did not serve to prolong its life. It was undeniably interesting to be so extremely absurd. It might be ravishingly graceful to be ridiculously intense. One would hardly have dared to suppose that it was quite so easy to look like a Florentine angel. And evidently it was very distinguished to make the attempt. The absurdest of his young people vowed that they would live up to a blue china teapot. But, without vowing it, half England lived up to Du Maurier's caricatures.

THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.

THE floor of the wood is starred all over with the wind flower, and where it ends at the brow of the meadow the hedge of blackthorn is a sheet of white, hemming in the tall, grim trees. At the bottom of the gulch, where the stream shines in the sun like liquid blue steel, the marsh marigolds hold their golden congregation. The tall meadow bank between stream and wood-side is only green velvet, rich as though new from the loom, and awaiting its floral pattern. And in a crinkle of the velvet, a nest for the sunshine and a haven from the wind, there stands on the short stalk of prudence, but with open, red-rayed, honey-yellow blossoms, the first cowslip. It will not for long be the only one, for in other nests all about the bank are the fists of fat white fingers amid crinkled leaves of the primrose pattern, but promising a multiple and ultra-primrose joy.

One of the country names for the cowslip is Peter's keys, and Peter's keys, we know, are the keys of heaven. "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Certainly no flower opens the gates of long-forgotten childhood like Peter's keys. Millions of early flowers are made in order to perish in the hot hands of children. The celandine is wonderful when it comes, but it seems a papery thing when we can get the delicately potted primrose with soft woolly stalks and faint sappy perfume. The sweet white violet is collected with patience that in the child seems infinite, its stalk traced through the herbage that sometimes includes stinging-nettles, so that we can get a reasonable length of it. You get but a single blossom for each laborious picking. Then come the flowers that are almost bunches in themselves. The blue-bell is very fascinating. Each spike seems bluer as well as bigger than the last, and the cool stalks are nice to grip as the bunch grows larger and larger. It is easier to pull them than to pick them, and the long white feet hang down like the stalks of a sheaf of wheat, till we take out our pocket knife and cut them off all at one neat level. The blue-bells look bonnie, too, in a jug in the parlor window, but first they are accepted grudgingly by the grown-ups because of the stains they make on hands and pinafores. And, besides, the bells are rather straggly on the stalks. You can scarcely say where one ends and the other begins. If you put the heads level you crush many flowers among the stalks, and if you put the stalks level you get a loose bunch such as grown-ups like, instead of the compact emblem of wealth that children like.

So we reserve our best love for the cowslip. Here is a thick stalk that breaks crisp as a carrot wherever you like, that is cool and fresh to the hand, and so far from having a bitter juice that turns black, is sweet to munch. Disraeli would surely have done better to make salad of cowslips than of primroses, and a Cowslip League would make more baby Conservatives than a Primrose League. It would even suit better the aristocratic pretensions of the gentlemanly party, for the cowslip is a little more exclusive than the primrose, not blooming just anywhere, but only in the best places, and the botanist, as though in gratitude for the delight of his childhood, has named it *Primula veris*, and the flower of Beaconsfield *Primula vulgaris*.

The primroses are cowering under the bushes where scratches are to be had, the blue-bells are in the dank hazel thickets, which are all very well when the nuts

are ripe, but are rather gloomy places now. The cowslips or "paigles" stand out in the open field, each one a sort of Homeric chieftain holding its own station, and flaunting its treasures as the progeny of a single root. We seem to chase the cowslips rather than pick them, for we are continually spying one larger than all the others a little way off, and we must run to it before someone else gets it. Old-fashioned meadows, which, in the days of the Corn Laws, were ploughed, have the land still in ridges. The best cowslip field of them all has the "lands" uncommonly high, like the rollers of a sea. Up and down these the short, soft legs of childhood urge the chase, and the sun and the wind and the exercise must do us a wonderful lot of good. The cowslip cure would surely stand high among the remedies for premature senility if it could be undertaken in the right spirit. The cowslip tea must be made from blossoms gathered by the patient himself under conditions that shall reproduce as nearly as may be those in the state of heaven that is childhood.

The cowslip is the miraculous offspring of the clay. Those fields that went first out of intense cultivation when the people got cheap bread were those of the stubborn clay, good for great crops of wheat, but needing careful and heavy tillage. The permanent pasture they carry to-day is one of England's special prizes, and the close mat of it shoots up in summer into a wonderful crop of hay. In winter, nothing could seem more unlikely. The clay of the field is like iron, often when the loam of the garden is almost mellow. In January the moles eject from their deep tunnels a promise of better things. But the frost soon turns their scrapings into the same adamantine barrenness. At the time when cowslips bloom and clover begins to creep, this obdurate and impossible clay has become a sort of liquid silk, pervaded with bacterial life that unlocks from its illimitable store the earthy ingredients of plant life. On a sudden, when celandine and primrose are beginning to bore, the cuckoo has come and picked up the mud, the field is open like a new gold-field, and the far gleaming cowslips are racing the new grass for the favor of heaven.

In some places they pick wild snowdrops, and as they come very early in the year their picking is a joy that is likely to get into the bones. On the other hand, the cold wind of February may get into the bones, and make the sight of a snowdrop in after years rather bitter than pleasant. Not far away the children have been having their March revels in fields that are seas of wild daffodils. You may pick them with pleasure, and yet poison the hands with the oxalic acid they are so unkind as to secrete in their stems. There is a prejudice, rooted in infancy, and justified by aged experience, against almost the whole tribe of three-petaled things that the scientists call monocotyledons. We do not really love a flower that has not five petals, like the fingers and toes of our own bodies. There is something, as it were, reptilian about the others (though the reptiles, when they have fingers at all, have our five). The buttercups and the cresses, of which lady's smock or milkmaids is one of the best, profess to be five-fingered, or, at any rate, dicotyledonous. The first, however, are unregulated in the number of their petals, having eight and ten, and goodness knows what number, and the cuckoo flower tribe consistently sports one less than the proper number. And they are bitter of juice, as well as affecting the ragged style of beauty that appeals to our elders, instead of the neat style that children like.

And here is a charming habit of the cowslip that no three-petaled thing has. You can pull the whole petal part, which is the treasure part, out from the calyx all in one piece and, popping the stalk of the funnel into your mouth, can suck out something that is the quintessence or the spirit of honey. Get a bunch of cowslips, and pull out all the pips. See what an obvious treasure they make, not in separate petals as demolished buttercups would be, but in complete, transparent, honey-colored blossoms. You have got blossoms from the chaff, just as though it had been grain from the chaff, a harvest of blossom like the harvest of pollen that the bees get, but that is impossible to us. Anyone would know that hot water poured upon these would extract

the most fragrant and ethereal tea that the world knows. Never was such delicious hot water as that which has fallen into a teacup on the bare blossoms of the cowslip. How silly were the grown folk of our young days to say there was nothing in it! What a nasty, wicked, and deadly drink was the concoction of dead leaves that they considered a better tea!

And then the cowslip ball. No other flower grows so obligingly for the construction of such a magic. Tie a string between two chairs, and set hundreds and hundreds of the fragrant, stalkless umbels astride upon it. Set them up again when they turn giddy and fall off; make them all sit there tight while you move them up together, and tie them so that all the green is within and all the starry faces without. What a ball! What a magic bunch of the keys of heaven!

Short Studies.

THE STONE-MAN.

He sat cross-legged on the roadside beside a heap of stones, and with slow regularity his hammer swung up and down, cracking a stone into small pieces at each descent. But his heart was not in the work. He hit whatever stone chanced to be nearest. There was no cunning selection in his hammer, nor any of those oddities of stroke which a curious and interested worker would have essayed for the mere trial of his artistry.

He was not difficult to become acquainted with, and, after a little conversation, I discovered that all the sorrows of the world were sagging from his shoulders. Everything he had ever done was wrong, he said. Everything that people had done to him was wrong, that he affirmed; nor had he any hope that matters would mend, for life was poisoned at the fountain-head, and there was no justice anywhere. Justice! He raised his eyebrows with the horrid stare of a man who searches for apparitions; he lowered them again to the bored blink of one who will not believe in apparitions even though he see them. There was not even fairness. Perhaps (and his bearing was mildly tolerant)—perhaps some people believed there was fairness, but he had his share of days to count by and remember. Forty-nine years of here and there, and in and out, and up and down; walking all kinds of roads in all kinds of weathers, meeting this sort of person and that sort, and many an adventure that came and passed away without any good to it—"and now," said he, sternly, "I am breaking stones on a by-way."

"A by-road, such as this," said I, "has very few travellers, and it may prove a happy enough retreat."

"Or a hiding place," said he gloomily.

We sat quietly for a few moments—

"Is there no way of being happy?" said I.

"How could you be happy if you have not got what you want?" and he thumped solidly with his hammer.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Many a thing," was his reply; "many a thing."

I squatted on the ground in front of him, and he continued:

"You that are always travelling, did you ever meet a contented person in all your travels?"

"Yes," said I, "I met a man yesterday, three hills away from here, and he told me he was happy."

"Maybe he wasn't a poor man?"

"I asked him that, and he said he had enough to be going on with."

"I wonder what he had."

"I wondered too, and he told me. He said that he had a wife, a son, an apple tree, and a fiddle."

"There's people have more than that."

"He said that his wife was dumb, his son was deaf, his apple tree was barren, and his fiddle was broken."

"It didn't take a lot to satisfy that man."

"And he said that these things, being the way they were, gave him no trouble attending on them, and, that being so, he was left with plenty of time for himself."

"I think the man you are telling me about was a joker; maybe, you are a joker yourself, for that matter."

"Tell me," said I, "the sort of things a person should want, for I am a young man, and everything one learns is so much to the good."

He rested his hammer and stared sideways down the road, and he remained so, pursing and relaxing his lips, for a little while. At last he said, in a low voice:

"A person wants respect from other people. If he doesn't get that, what does he signify more than a goat or a badger? We live by what folk think of us, and if they speak badly of a man, doesn't that finish him for ever?"

"Do people speak well of you?" I asked.

"They speak badly of me," said he; "and the way I am now is this, that I wouldn't have them say a good word of me at all."

"Would you tell me why the people speak badly of you?"

"You are travelling down the road," said he, "and I am staying where I am. We never met before in all the years, and we may never meet again, and so I'll tell you what is in my mind. A person that has neighbors will have either friends or enemies, and it's likely enough that he'll have the last, unless he has a meek spirit. And it's the same thing with a man that's married, or a man that has a brother. For the neighbors will spy on you from dawn to dark, and talk about you in every place, and a wife will try to rule you in the house and out of the house, until you are badgered to a skeleton, and a brother will ask you to give him whatever thing you value most in the world."

He remained silent for a few minutes, with his hammer eased on his knee, and then, in a more heated strain, he continued:—

"There are three things a man doesn't like. He doesn't like to be spied on; and he doesn't like to be ruled and regulated; and he doesn't like to be asked for a thing he wants himself. And whether he lets himself be spied on or not, he'll be talked about, and in any case he'll be made out to be a queer man; and if he lets his wife rule him he'll be scorned and laughed at, and if he doesn't let her rule him he'll be called a rough man; and if he once gives to his brother he will have to keep on giving for ever, and if he doesn't give at all he'll get the bad name and the sour look as he goes about his business."

"You have bad neighbors, indeed," said I.

"I'd call them that."

"And a brother that would ask you for a thing you wanted yourself wouldn't be a decent man!"

"He would not."

"Tell me," said I, "what kind of a wife have you?"

"She's the same as anyone else's wife to look at, but I fancy the other women must be different to live with."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you can hear men laughing and singing in every public-house that you'd go into, and they wouldn't do that if their wives were hard to live with, for nobody could stand a bad comrade. A good wife, a good brother, a good neighbor—these are three good things, but you don't find them lying in every ditch."

"If you went to a ditch for your wife!" said I.

He pursed up his lips at me.

"I think," said I, "that you need not mind the neighbors so very much. If your mind was in a glass case instead of in a head it would be different, but no one can spy on you but yourself, and no one can really rule and regulate you, but yourself, and that's well worth doing."

"Different people," said he shortly, "are made differently."

"Maybe," said I, "your wife would be a good wife to some other husband, and your brother might be decent enough if he had a different brother."

He wrinkled up his eyes and looked at me very steadily—

"I'll be saying good-bye to you, young man," said he, and he raised his hammer again and began to beat solemnly on the stones.

I stood by him for a few minutes, but as he neither spoke nor looked at me again I turned to my own path, intending to strike Dublin by the Paps of Dana and the long slopes beyond them.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The Drama.

ADVENTURES, GREAT AND SMALL.

"The Great Adventure." By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen.) Produced at the Kingsway Theatre, by Mr. Granville Barker.

"Typhoon." A New Play, in Four Acts, from Melchior Lengyel's "Taifun." Produced at the Haymarket Theatre, by Mr. Frederick Harrison.

Baron Yoshikawa	ROBIN SHIELDS.
*Takeramo	LAURENCE IRVING.
Kobayashi	HENRY CROCKER.
Omayi	CLAUDE RAINS.
Kitamaru	AZOOMA SHEKO.
Yamashi	CHARLES TERRIC.
Hironari	LEON M. LION.
Georges	H. O. NICHOLSON.
*Renard-Beinsky	LEON QUARTERMAIN.
*Professor Dupont	E. LYALL SWETE.
Benoit	ARTHUR WHITBY.
Marchland	ALLAN JEAYES.
Simon	HERBERT HEWETSON.
Therese	MARJORIE WATERLOW.
Helene	MABEL HACKNEY.

* Specially striking representation.

Oh, Mr. Bennett! And oh, Mr. Barker! Why conspire to waylay and delude our poor public by writing and producing such things as "The Great Adventure?" For well do you know that adventures are not for the unadventurous. No adventurer is your Ilam Carve, the artist who dies to the public in a fit of shyness, and comes to life again when he has got it over, or worn it off in an interlude of sticky domesticity. No adventure was in your mind, Mr. Bennett, such as that in which, pushing bravely off into new seas of exploration and strange fantasy, you found a wonder-city in the grey smoke and red clay of a town in the Potteries. Adventures were there in plenty, for those master-printers, drapers, shop-walkers, and young and old wives of yours were conceived with souls as well as bodies, and the meanest of those separate existences was redeemed from commonness by being caught up and merged in a broad current of life. Neither of these effects is even aimed at in such a piece of mere dexterity as "The Great Adventure." Mr. Bennett has hardly asked himself what sort of a man he could be who could relinquish, in a moment of "suggestion," the daily and hourly pursuit of an art that has yielded him the fame and the mastery of a Titian. These are not the artist-problems; this is not the self-absorbed and self-devouring artist-nature; here is not the artist-play. Moreover, here is not the true way and honorable destiny of the distinguished writer of "Clayhanger," unless it be that the puzzle of Mr. Bennett's play suggests itself as the puzzle of Mr. Bennett's strangely impersonal self. For he, like the hero of this clever *tour de force*, seems able to put on his valet's clothes and take them off again when he pleases. But what does literary or dramatic criticism exist for, if not to persuade Mr. Bennett to be sparing of these lower incarnations, and Mr. Barker to turn a stern and unregarding eye upon them?

Happily, there is a play, now being performed at the Haymarket Theatre, which can truly be described as of the nature of an "adventure." This is the English rendering of Melchior Lengyel's "Taifun." "Typhoon" is not in itself a mysterious or a difficult play, any more than it is a greatly written one. It is even rather violent and melodramatic in movement. But it differs essentially from Mr. Bennett's clever, trifling work, in that it springs from an intellectual idea, and not from a mere happy thought in stage construction. Mr. Bennett's

Carve has to disappear and in a fashion to re-appear, not because it was essential to his nature that he should suffer the change of state and habit that was imposed upon him, but because his maker had constructed that kind of puppet, and had given its limbs that kind of contortion.

But Lengyel's Takeramo, the Japanese student and observer of European life, represents something positive in his type, and something intensely spiritual in its development. The author has, indeed, made two interesting studies in contemporary history and psychology. He has given us a brief, spirited sketch of Japanese state-polity, and he has tried to show this force working through an extremely sensitive temperament, in contact with European (or Parisian) "civilisation." The policy is "bushido," the Japanese conception of State-worship, an idea that carries with it something of our Western notions of State Socialism and Imperialist patriotism, but it is at once narrower, more logical, more naive, and more religious than either or than both combined. Imagine, then, a little band of Japanese explorers, despatched, under the strict eye and wardership of that old Japanese statesman, Baron Yoshikawa, to "do" Paris in the interests of "bushido," that is to say, to find out all about her, to pick holes in her character, and her pocket of ideas and appliances for Japanese consumption. The true bushido-ist must, of course, fulfil this mission without moulting a feather of his exclusive devotion to his land and his Mikado. That is quite simple to the straight-going disciple, who observes but does not assimilate, and can put on the whole Japanese man when he doffs the frock-coat for the kimono. But not so easy for the *raisonneur*, the artistic temperament, the Japanese Hamlet, who soon begins to think of Western life in terms of its men. Yes, and of its women, too. For, like the Goth, who came to conquer, and was conquered, Takeramo is ensnared by the old enchantress of the Seine and by one of her daughters—not at all a pretty daughter, but a vulgar, scheming one.

This, of course, opens the conflict between Old and New Japan. Old Japan must break these Delilah bonds, and bring back Takeramo to the undivided service of Nippon. This it proceeds to do with due Oriental subtlety and secrecy, by convincing him that his adored mistress has coarsely deceived him. But Old Japan commits two errors. It forgets not only that Takeramo is in love, but that the poison of the Western spirit has entered his soul. His passion for the *cocotte*, and the very Western jealousy that accompanies it, lead him, after a scene of vile provocation, to strangle her. That in itself raises no great difficulty for Old Japan. It is a quite simple proposition to transfer the crime from Takeramo, who is valuable to Japan, to the least important member of the band, all of whom compete, in the spirit of "bushido," for the honor of dying, as well as living, for Nippon. No sooner said than done. The crime is reconstructed and rearranged by nimble Japanese wits, and Western self-conceit is played on so as to mislead the easily blinded eyes of Western justice.

Thus far all prospers for "bushido." But its gain is naught, for it has lost its savor for Takeramo, who is safe from the guillotine, but not from himself. For he has tasted not merely the blandishments of his Esther, but the new thought and dream of Tolstoy and the Western thinkers that man was meant for something more than blind slavery to governments, that their tyranny will strangle his soul, as he has strangled his mistress. He was already Western enough to try and take back his crime on his own shoulders; he is so Western in thought that he finds that he can no longer live for Nippon and her alone, no longer despise and use and deceive the West in her interests, no longer be a "patriot" and nothing more. So, having finished his task-work, he chooses to die for her, in expiation of the "bushido" spirit, rather than in service to it. He is led on to this end by his friendship for a dissipated half-Christian, half-sceptical artist, and the association between these men reveals, much more than the rather crude and brutal episode of the *cocotte*, the real life of the play. So, in the fine Japanese

phrase, he "changes his world," having outgrown this one.

The fascination of the play arises from the ingenuity and grace of its setting, as well as from the inherent interest of its idea. Through the little Japanese colony in Paris, round which the action moves—their saki-drinking, their tinkling music, their Mikado-worship, and solemn tales of the Motherland—the author contrives to picture the proud, secret Japanese nature, its mask of fineness and toleration, and its real arrogance. In contrast he sets out the fluid Western world, emotional and dissipated and uncontrolled, with its noisy music and "bulbous" women, but with a disconcerting and disintegrating influence on the East. A few of the actors are Japanese, and their bows, and smiles, and bland deception of the foreigner, add to one's amusing sense of being behind the scenes and the brains of these attractive people. But the play owes most of all to Mr. Laurence Irving. I have never before seen the personality of this accomplished actor really yield and flow into his art. His Takeramo is a beautiful conception, not only because it is always played in the right key, but because it is clear that the artist is in love with his character, and has determined to make the spectator look through the windows of its soul. It was easy for Mr. Irving to "make up" so as to look like a Japanese, and to school his voice and address to the soft, tranquil, sympathetic Eastern manner. It was nothing like so easy to suggest Takeramo's spiritual changes and sufferings. Here lies the distinction of his artistry and of the play which it so freshly and remarkably adorns.

H. W. M.

Letters from Abroad.

THE STORMING OF ADRIANOPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Once more, in the history of war, the impossible thing has happened. "Odren" has not fallen; it has been taken by assault. It had not run out of provisions; there was flour enough for nearly another month. It was amply munitioned, well-defended, and had almost too many brains. A Belgian General, expert specialist in fortification, seventy German, and many Belgian and Roumanian commissioned officers, and no fewer than fourteen Pachas, might have seemed sufficient. Lest English interest in the siege should have dimmed, and English geographical knowledge grown hazy, let me add that the place is moated by three swift and formidable rivers, and has only one face by which a man can enter it dry-shod, and is guarded by about thirty of the finest forts that a German genius in such matters could plan, defended by nearly 700 guns of position. It was believed by all Europe to be impregnable. The day of assault upon places of strength is past. Except Japs (who "don't count"), no troops can be asked to rush barbed-wire and mines, stone scarps and rifle-pits. Moltke never called for such sacrifices from his armies. The Russians failed at Plevna. We failed in South Africa. All such attacks are ruinously costly, and if tried at night are foredoomed to fail disastrously (unless upon sand heaps and fellahs). Shakspeare tells us that nice customs courtesy to great kings; but Bulgaria is a democracy, and all the accepted rules of modern warfare have gone down flat before the disciplined enthusiasm of her "half-trained" ploughboys, moved at night by the stop-watch with machine-like precision, and impelled by a great passion of enthusiasm to oust the Turk.

The way they did it was so simple! The place had one assailable side, the east, or south-eastern face, as everybody recognised, and, therefore, this face had been rendered secure by art, and everybody recognised this fact, too. The Bulgarians had long since given up all hopes of "taking" Adrianople, and had fiddled with Bulair, and begun in a hopeless, aimless fashion to nibble at Tchataldja, but von der Goltz's masterpiece was too expensive. They had ~~held~~ ^{held} it for six months, and

every hunting man knows that the longer you look at your fence the less you feel inclined to go for it. Then, in the smallest of the small hours of last Tuesday morning (1.0 a.m., March 25th), nine battalions arose and did the patently impossible thing, took the big fort by escalade, captured five hundred Turks, turned its heavy Krupps upon the tiers of forts behind, wrecked and rushed them in turn, and swept on into the city itself. Just what happened I cannot yet find out, for the Ministers themselves seem to know but little, a detail here, the number of a regiment there; their generals seem curiously inarticulate, far apter at winning engagements than at describing their methods. That the Shipka Regiment (23rd of the Line) was first into the city seems agreed, and that the Jambol boys (29th) were close upon their heels is admitted. Also, that Shuckri was absolutely surprised, nor knew upon which face the real attack would fall, nor if it was an attack indeed, until his cincture of forts was snapped, and Ivanoff's men were upon him. Then the poor fellow bestirred himself. All horses were to be killed, all bridges broken, all stores and munitions destroyed, and heavy guns rendered useless. But these measures take time, and Ivanoff gave him no time, and the long and the short of it is that, excepting the big railway bridge over the Arda, which may take a week to repair, most of the communications are intact, and of the 680 heavy guns, there are quite sufficient to make the storming of Tchataldja a reasonable possibility. A siege-train started southward before the fires were out (nothing serious was burnt, and a Bulgar-Turk gendarmerie took over the city and kept order). Shuckri fought for thirty hours, striving to break out through the Serb lines, or to surrender to Serbs. He did neither, but only handed over his sword when actually collared and held. The value of the prize only a strategist and a statesman can estimate—it is prodigious. The second city in the Turkish Empire, their Holy Place, their first great European conquest, long antedating Constantinople, has passed out of Moslem hands for ever.

But what will be the moral effect upon European policies and diplomacy of this Western Port Arthur? It is evident that we must somehow place these Bulgarians. To lecture, and advise, and feel annoyed and fussy, is inadequate. There is probably no general of any European army who would have dared to ask his *corps d'élite* to do what these brown-faced, poorly-drilled young farmers did as a matter of course. They have been clamoring to be unleashed for weeks. Nor do their friends here in Sofia seem aware that they have done anything out of the common. That they will proceed to take Constantinople, unless their terms are agreed to, I regard as certain. They are a curiously dogged, inarticulate race, with nothing about them answering to our "nerves." I do not know what view of the future of Salonika prevails for the moment among the gentlemen negotiating in London. But Salonika will be Bulgarian; that is a certainty.

This is a democracy of a sort that is new to me. It took the bit in its teeth, and made this war against the will of its King. He might take it or leave it. It asks nothing for itself, no lands, moneys, concessions, honors (save a tiny silver cross and pale blue riband for its bravest), but it is dead-set upon the Big Bulgaria of which Beaconsfield robbed it, and I think it will get what it asks. You must not think of these fighters as even semi-savage. Ninety-five per cent are literate: they are nearly all free-holders, or sons of free-holders; they are very sober, chaste, quiet-spoken lads, nice to travel with, patient and courteous, who, having never known a landlord, or "a gentleman," offer the hand with natural freedom. You can't make "smart" soldiers of them, but if you show them what you want done, *they do it*, as at Adrianople. If a bulwark against Russian aggression is indispensable, here is one ready-made, also a trusty warder of the Straits. I cannot learn what they lost at the assault, but think it will run out at 7,000, say half the expected quota. Some predicted thrice as many.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. WALLIS.

Sofia, March 30th, 1913.

Communications.

OUR ALLIANCE WITH SLAVERY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—During the recent debate on the Consolidated Fund (March 27th) certain points which are likely to be overlooked were raised by Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck and Mr. Edmund Harvey. On behalf of the Foreign Office, Mr. Acland gave the official reply, basing his observations on a recent White Book (Africa, No. 2, February, 1913), and giving as good reasons as possible for a policy of acquiescence and inaction, tempered by good advice.

It so happened that the question raised had reference to that system of slavery in the Portuguese West African Colonies which I investigated during my journeys in Angola and the islands of San Thomé and Principe in 1904-1905. My report, published as "A Modern Slavery," was subsequently confirmed in almost every detail by Mr. Joseph Burt's "Report" to the three main British cocoa firms (reprinted by the Anti-Slavery Society), by Mr. William Cadbury's "Labor in Portuguese West Africa," by Mr. Charles Swan's "Slavery of To-Day," and by numerous public letters from missionaries and other residents in Angola. During the trial of the case Cadbury v. "The Standard," at Birmingham (November 30th, 1909), it was proved in evidence that Mr. Burt had telegraphed from Angola to the cocoa firms a code word, meaning "Nevinson's report not exaggerated, rather understated," and Sir Rufus Isaacs, who with Sir John Simon was counsel for the prosecution, did not dispute the truth of my account, out of which the case arose. He acknowledged the system as slavery. "It is common ground between us," he said, "that what took place there (i.e., in the two islands) and what we know to be the facts there, constitute a system which can only be described as a system of slavery." I need not say that such an admission would not have been made by the present Attorney-General and Solicitor-General if they could have proved the contrary. For then their case would have been established without further question.

I recall these facts, partly because my evidence was for two or three years violently impugned. I was first attacked as "a mythical person," who had never visited Angola or the Islands; as, indeed, I could not have done if I did not exist. When my existence was no longer to be denied, I was accused of the wildest motives, such as an intention of reducing the value of the islands, with a view to purchase, or a hatred of Roman Catholicism, which on the contrary I admire, or a specially diabolical spite against the Portuguese, whereas if this system had been practised by my own countrymen, I should only have exposed it with the greater vehemence. But chiefly I recall these facts to remind your readers of the reality and horror of the evil.

If they want further evidence, let them take it from a Portuguese official, who had every opportunity of knowing the truth. Senhor Jeronimo Paiva de Carvalho was Curador ("Protector of the Natives") on the island of Principe for over five years till 1907, when he resigned. In Lisbon last year there was published a pamphlet written by him upon the condition of the "serviçaes," or "contract laborers" on the Islands, and upon his duties as Curador. A translation may be obtained from the Anti-Slavery Society (Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.). We are told that the Portuguese Government now disputes the authorship, but I believe there is no doubt the ex-Curador wrote it, and as it stands, this pamphlet more than confirms the very worst that other investigators and I have said about the slavery. Two points, for instance, in my report were much questioned or derided, even by some who accepted the rest: one that a man who ventured to expose or protest against the system in Angola risked personal danger; the other that on Principe some of the slaves escaped to the forests, were from time to time hunted down by organised expeditions (for which the Regulations of 1903 provide), and were recaptured or killed. Speaking of the duties of the Curador who registers the "contract" of the slaves coming from Angola, Senhor Carvalho writes:—

"Woe to the Curador who dares stand up against the iniquities of the traders in black flesh. I know from experience that he would be a lost man."

Speaking of the slaves on the island of Principe, he writes:

"Many of them escape into the virgin forest, and form little communities, where at any rate they lead the primitive life of their native land. Expeditions are got up against these runaways, and woe to him who allows himself to be caught. There awaits him a unique and revolting punishment that slowly kills, but leaves no traces sufficient to warrant a judicial inquiry into the crime."

The planters who told me of these expeditions said the runaways were shot like game. Perhaps that was the habit only of the more merciful among them. But in any case, the two most disputed facts in my report are now confirmed by a Portuguese official.

Let me quote a few more sentences from his pamphlet, merely to recall the truth as I was able to expose it nearly eight years ago; Senhor Carvalho writes:—

"The existence of slavery in the Islands is an actual fact, although it appears to the public to be a system of free labor. The very nature of it involves a compulsion that makes the negro renew the contract again and again, till it constitutes forced labor for life.

"Technical repatriation, established by law to deceive people, is useless when we remember the depth of the negroes' ignorance—an ignorance which in itself enables the planter to buy them outright.

"I speak of the laborers born in Angola. They are actual slaves. Caught in the interior, or sold to Europeans by their chiefs, they come down to the coast like any other sort of merchandise.

"The planters say, in defence, that when a negro gets to the Islands he finds himself in a paradise, and never wishes to return to his native land. This is a diabolical argument, but if it is true, why does it apply only to the Angolans?

"While I was Curador, dozens of negroes committed suicide. When I inquired into this, I was told by their companions that they had recourse to this extremity as the only means of returning to their native land. And when I asked how, they actually replied, 'As spirits.'

"Visitors only see what the planters think fit to show them, and as soon as they have left, everything changes, and the usual routine reverts to its rough and uneven path.

"There is a great variety of punishments, and their application depends on the character of the offence, and, more or less, on the ill-nature of the planter or manager.

"The cudgel is used in various ways, and the palmatoria generally to beat the hands and feet and the lower part of the body. Among these punishments are some that are an insult to humanity.

"Some gangers practise immorality with the black women for the pleasure of enjoying their distress, and seeing the suffering of the men."

These are extracts from the evidence, not of a brief visitor, nor of someone specially hostile to Portugal, as I was quite falsely supposed to be, but of a Portuguese whose official position for more than five years gave him every opportunity of discovering the truth. It may be said that he left the islands six years ago, and there have been improvements since. I gratefully admit improvements, and many promises of improvement, especially since the Republic was established in Portugal. But Senhor Carvalho is not very grateful; he is less grateful than I was inclined to be. He writes:—

"To-day, it is said, things have improved a little, and, up to a certain point, I admit that they have. But the changes have not improved the condition of life for the negroes who were previously contracted.

"It was merely a palliative, and little has come of it. The remedy must go to the root of things."

Yes; the remedy must go to the root of things, and the root of things lies in the legalised form of slavery prevailing throughout the mainland province. Angola is putrid with slavery. When I was there, I believe it was literally true that no plantation was worked except by slaves, and almost every other kind of labor for the Portuguese was done by slaves also. At the ports and in the trading-centres of the interior, anyone could buy men, women, or children as his possessions at a price. From what I hear from recent travellers, up to Mr. John Harris's visit to the port towns last year, this state of things has not much altered. The latest definite account I have seen is a letter from Acting Consul Smallbones to Sir Edward Grey as to the working of the labor regulations of May, 1911. Writing from Loanda last September, he says (White Book, Africa No. 2, February, 1913, p. 37) that those regulations, though legally in force, have only been applied in some instances; that in parts of Angola it appears impossible to obtain laborers, except by the process of "acquiring" them, and "the fact that they

are not free is sometimes disguised by their entering into a contract." He also mentions a case in which 700 laborers, who had been working from five to nine years on a plantation, entreated the Governor-General (who was there on a visit) to allow them to leave. Whereupon, he sent thirteen soldiers from Loanda to intimidate them, and they returned to work. Mr. Smallbones represented to the Governor-General that this was contrary to the regulations, and was told in answer that "in the present state of the labor supply, such scrupulous observance of the regulations would entail the entire stoppage of a large plantation, for which he could not be responsible."

There, I suspect, we come up against the heart of the trouble. The plantation-owners and slave-dealers, both in Angola and the Islands, are too strong for the Government. It is just what Sir Arthur Hardinge reported to Sir Edward Grey on March 19th, 1912 (Africa No. 2, 1912, p. 84). Writing from Lisbon, he said he had brought certain facts in regard to the San Thomé labor to the notice of the Portuguese Foreign Minister:—

"He assured me," he continued, "and I believe quite sincerely, of the desire felt by his Government to terminate all these abuses, and justify the claim of the Portuguese Republic to be a humane and progressive force in the civilisation of Africa; but he said that the governors whom he had sent out to give effect to its instructions had been to a great extent paralysed by the power of the vested interests, European and native, which, in effecting the necessary reforms, they found arrayed against them."

"Paralysed by the vested interests"—that has hitherto been the fate of many of Portugal's good intentions. In that region of the world, the vested interests are more powerful than government and law. Nominally, slavery was abolished close upon forty years ago. In reality, it remained unchecked till the native rising of 1902, and was then restored under forms further legalised. On paper, the regulations for "contract laborers" were not very bad. Not their only fault, but their chief fault was that they were never carried out.

Take now the two main points on which improvement may at present be claimed:—

(1) At the time of my visit (1905) the average annual export of slaves from Angola to the Islands was about 4,000 men and women, at about £30 a head, and the number was rising rapidly. As I write, I receive evidence that secret slave-trading, outside the legalised system, largely prevailed, and occurs still. An Englishman, who gives details, including the names of shippers, reports that in 1908, for instance, 7,000 slaves were smuggled over from a port south of Monte Sahoa, near Benguella. On March 17th, 1909, the three main English cocoa firms and one German firm, to their lasting credit, declared a boycott against the slave-grown cocoa. It is, perhaps, significant that in the following July the export of slaves from Angola was prohibited, and till quite recently, I believe, it had not been resumed, unless by stealth. Labor was brought from Mozambique and Liberia under what appear to be fair conditions of contract. But in the "Boletim Oficial" of San Thomé we find that last September a steamer was licensed to bring 500 natives from Angola, and last January another was licensed to bring 300. I cannot be sure, but it looks as though vested interests were again paralysing good intentions.

(2) At the time of my visit, not one Angolan "servical" (polite for slave), after being exported to the Islands, had gone back. All worked there till they died. In 1908 some attempt at repatriation began. Again, I cannot be quite sure of numbers, but it is thought that in the last five years an average of about 500 a year have been repatriated, and Mr. Acland assures us the number has lately risen considerably. It is not much, compared with the 4,000 a year formerly imported by the Islands; but, still, it is something. Even as it is, I gladly welcome the change. If the repatriation were decently organised, it would be an excellent beginning. But the accounts that reach us are deplorable. By deductions from the "servicaes'" small wages, a Repatriation Fund of about £100,000 has accumulated. We estimate that it ought to amount to £220,000 by now; but about half has disappeared, as money sometimes will. The plantation-owners promised that each "servical" should receive £18 from this fund on repatriation. Our information shows that the average received is about £3, and most receive nothing, but are dumped on the coast and left to find what living they can, to steal, or to starve (White Book :

Africa No. 2, 1913, especially pp. 77-80). Again it seems as though vested interests were paralysing good intentions, and everything possible is done to discourage the "servical's" return home, no matter how many years he may have worked.

That I believe to be an accurate statement of the present situation, founded mainly on the recent White Book. Granted the existence of "palliatives," it still remains a situation of slavery in Angola, and for many thousands (30,000 at the very lowest estimate) on the Islands. And it is a situation that, by old treaties of alliance still in force, England is bound to maintain against the attack of any Power claiming the right to extinguish slavery. The Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society considers this an intolerable position for this country. Portugal, they urge, should be warned that it would be impossible for England to fulfil her obligations by sending a fleet to maintain a state of slavery; and that unless complete reform is carried out in fact as well as on paper, the treaties will be renounced. Sir Edward Grey's reply to this suggestion (January 31st, 1913, White Book, pp. 82, 83) is disappointing. He appears still to rely on promises and good intentions, still to believe that "good treatment" condones slavery, and that the laborers on the Islands have nothing much to complain of, because they "are now legally free." Why, every slave in Angola and the Islands has been "legally free" since 1874. And what kind of difference has that legal freedom made to the unhappy natives in the hideous record of the last forty years?—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Letters to the Editor.

"SECOND THOUGHTS ON MENTAL DEFICIENCY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that the force of your criticism of the provisions of the Mental Deficiency Bill is somewhat weakened by a more careful examination of the actual terms of the measure.

You object to bringing within the scope of the Bill girls pregnant or giving birth to illegitimate children whilst in receipt of poor relief, and children found by the Local Education Authorities to be incapable of receiving benefit in special schools for defective children.

There are provisions in the new Bill which prevent the oppressive or wrongful detention of those coming within these categories. The first is that which provides that, on being brought before a judicial authority, the alleged defective can only be detained if the judicial authority is satisfied, not only that he or she is a defective coming within one of the specified classes, but also that it is desirable to make an order for detention in such defective's own interest. In making the order, the judicial authority has not to consider his own prejudices or the interests of the community. He can make the order only "if he thinks it desirable to do so in the interests of such person." If, therefore, it can be shown, by parents or anyone else, that the defective can be adequately cared for and protected outside a home, the judicial authority will not be justified in making an order.

The second safeguard is that which provides that all those under the age of twenty-one shall have, not only the review of their cases at stated intervals by the Board, but a special inquiry on attaining that age. The words of the Bill are as follows:—

"II. (2) . . . Provided that where a defective was, at the time of being sent to the institution or placed under guardianship, under twenty-one years of age, the case shall be reconsidered by the visitors appointed under this Act within three months after he attains the age of twenty-one years.

"(3) On such reconsideration the visitors shall visit the defective or summon him to attend before them and inquire into his mental condition and into all the circumstances of the case, and if it appears to them that further detention in an institution or under guardianship is no longer required in the interests of the defective, shall order him to be discharged:

"Provided that if the visitors do not order his discharge the defective or his parent or guardian may within fourteen days after the decision of the visitors appeal to the Board."

It will be observed that this reconsideration is to be carried out by the visiting justices, a body independent alike

of the Board and of the tribunal which made the original order.

Add to these safeguards the fact that every person detained means expense to the local authority, and I think it becomes clear that the care and control provided by the Bill will, in practice, be confined to those defectives whose condition and circumstances are such as urgently to require public protection.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. CAWLEY.

House of Commons, April 9th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The criticism of the Mental Deficiency Bill in this week's issue of THE NATION is greatly to the point, especially as concerns the provision for the permanent detention of unmarried women who are pregnant and in receipt of poor relief.

Formerly, it was a punishable offence for either man or woman to have an illegitimate child in this country.

Many cases are to be found in the Quarter Sessions Records of the seventeenth century, such as that of Thomas Smyth, who was ordered to pay a fine to the King of £3 6s. 8d., and was sent to the gaol at Worcester for seven days. In addition to 10s. for expenses, he was ordered to pay 12 pence weekly to the mother of the child for its maintenance, and she was to be sent to gaol immediately after she was churched, being not of ability to pay a fine. In cases where the man could not pay the ordered maintenance, his father was held responsible.

Establishment of paternity and the enforcement of maintenance orders were more practicable in those days when a man could not easily escape from his responsibilities by moving to another district. Nevertheless, we must remember now, as then, every illegitimate child has a father, and society has no more right to punish the mother than it has to punish the father.

In the case of feeble-minded women, it is not the illegitimacy of the child which is accounted punishable. A rich woman, or one who can induce a man to support her, may have illegitimate children. Yet, in either case, the child may be as vicious and degenerate as the child of a poor girl.

If we reject the idea of punishment, the only justification for detaining persons against their will is when it is necessary for the safety of the community. Are the feeble-minded more dangerous than the criminal classes? The danger caused by the feeble-minded women for whom this clause is designed is much less than that which is produced by a class of abnormal men. Every year many hundreds of little girls are assaulted by men, some of whom are tramps, others capable of earning their living. The offence is indictable, and in looking through the records of police-courts, we find that often the men plead guilty. Yet the maximum penalty of two years' imprisonment is seldom inflicted, even when the man is guilty of more than one offence. So dangerous a perversion calls for other treatment.

The feeble-minded woman gives birth to a child which may all its life be a charge to the community. That is her whole offence. But the child assaulted by the man has been ruined for life, and, while at large, the man will probably beget children who will be as great a danger to the State as those of the feeble-minded woman. Perhaps the magistrates who sentence these perverted men to less than the maximum term of restraint forget that, when released, they will be free to commit similar crimes again. The assaults greatly exceed the number of convictions.

The children who suffer directly, it is true, are not the children of the magistrates; but girls and women of all classes pay the penalty for this neglect. Because these depraved men are at large, no girl-child can be allowed the freedom of a boy-child to go about and discover the world for herself. A careful mother cannot permit so awful a risk.

Hence, girls grow up with their powers of initiative, enterprise, and action undeveloped; are less fitted than their brothers to earn their living, and too often are unable to take their places by the side of young men as pioneers in new countries, where, in consequence, men must lead a celibate life; while in the old countries, for large numbers

of middle-class women there is no possibility of marriage and motherhood.—Yours, &c.,

ALICE CLARK.

Street, Somerset, April 8th, 1913.

GREECE AND SOUTHERN ALBANIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am painfully surprised at the attitude of your valuable paper regarding the question of Epirus. I consider THE NATION as an organ of human ideals, and I am sure you must be misled by mischievous inaccuracies when you write about "Hellenised" Janina and about "Albanian Koritza and Konitza." I am a native of Epirus, born just a little further North of Kalamas River, and I know perfectly well that nowhere exists such an ardent Hellenism as in those environs between Philiates and Argyro-Kastron to the North. The few Mussulman villages, scattered here and there, are of Greek extraction, turned to the Mussulman creed under the terror of Turkish rule in the last century and before. "Hellenised" Janina, as you call it, was, as it is now, three centuries ago the very centre of Hellenic culture and ideals long, long before Austro-Italian kindness and care of nationalities invented the Albanian national conscience. And Koritza, "the Athens of Macedonia," with all its environs, is more Hellenic than Athens itself, from the point of view of Greek culture, which it had cultivated for three centuries before Greek independence. There are in all the Kaza or district of Koritza 147 Greek schools, with 14,300 pupils and 226 professors and teachers, against one or two Albanian schools with a little more than a hundred pupils! Regarding Konitza, I should be surprised if any Albanian would dare to put forth any claim, because this town is entirely Greek. We Greeks sympathise with our brother Albanians; in the past we made very often common cause with them against our oppressors, the Turks. But we Epirotes, with our strong Hellenic consciousness, do not wish to be included in the so-called autonomous Albania under the protection of two not disinterested Powers. After five centuries of bitter struggle—in which we gratefully had always the sympathy of English people—for our Hellenic freedom, it would be monstrous to ask from us to abandon the most sacred ideals which we cherish in our life; and we ask you broad-minded English Liberals to treat us fairly, and not to wound so cruelly our national feeling.—Yours, &c.,

Epirote, April 8th, 1913.

CHR. KESSARY.

[Our correspondent's letter does not sufficiently distinguish between populations which are Greek by race and mother-tongue and populations which, being Albanian by race and language but Orthodox in religion, have in various degrees been Hellenised in Greek schools. This latter process is rarely completed save in the case of the men of the well-to-do class; the women and the peasants are only superficially affected. Children are forced to speak Greek in school and relapse into Albanian in the playground. Merchants may speak Greek among themselves, but will use Albanian to their wives, children, and employees. One hears little save Albanian in the streets and bazaars of Koritza (which the writer knows fairly well); but, undoubtedly most of the men and the younger middle-class women can speak Greek. From the standpoint of culture, the process of attempting to teach through the medium of a foreign tongue has been as disastrous as is commonly the case. The absence of Albanian schools means only that the Albanian language has been systematically persecuted by the Turks and discouraged by the Greek Church. There was only one Albanian school open in Koritza when we were there, but there were several Albanian teachers in prison. Konitza has produced some notable Albanian patriots, including the scholarly author, Faik Bey. Further, our correspondent ignores the fact that the majority of the population is everywhere Moslem. Even when the Moslem Albanian can speak Greek as an acquired tongue his sentiments are rarely Philhellenic. We do not doubt that Greece could assimilate the population of South Albania, and would rule it well, as she has assimilated the numerous Albanian and Vlach elements in Northern Greece. Our argument is rather that since a free Albania is to exist, it is indispensable that a fair portion of the wealthier and more civilised districts of the South should be included in it. It

should not be forgotten that this Southern region elected Albanian Nationalist deputies to the Ottoman Chamber.—**EN., NATION.]**

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION AND THE NATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer of the thoughtful article on the Education question in your issue of the 29th ult. has done me the honor to refer to one point in my article in the current "Fortnightly Review" on "Oxford and the Working Man." Unfortunately, he has also misrepresented it by ignoring the next sentence to the one he quoted. When I gave reasons for doubting whether there was much intellectual ability nowadays that had not a chance of getting a university education, I was not including under the term practical ability as well, but expressly admitting that there might be much of this among the workers. I do not doubt that it exists in all classes, and is the salvation of the country. And so I need not dispute that there is ability which is at present excluded from the universities by the fact that it does not "run along prescribed examination lines." But, if so, how would it be benefited by being admitted to examination along those lines? The more of it is admitted, the more of it would be discouraged, as much of it is discouraged even now, and the more extensive will grow the national disbelief in intellectual education which our methods have fostered. "Equality of opportunity" would therefore remain illusory so long as it means merely an opportunity to be examined, and nothing would be done for those types of mind that do not shine in academic examination. Yet these may be of great value, and even more essential to national welfare than those which examine well. No doubt there are certain sorts of ability that tell under any system of examination, and that none can spoil; but there are others which any intellectual test must unduly exalt or, again, depress. No examination which human ingenuity has hitherto devised is able to test, or even to elicit, practical ability, the power to act, organise, and decide, while it is fatally easy to organise a scheme of "education" which will seriously damage it. On the other hand, all examinations give an unfair advantage to other types of mind, not merely to the man who "crams" well, but to the dialectician and manipulator of words, and other quite undesirable characters.

This is why universities all the world over breed pedants and talkers, and not originators and doers. This is why their tests so often fail to be confirmed in after life. This is why it is far from evident that to universalise higher education would be a good thing; for though the country may want a certain number of learned men, teachers, dialecticians, and *littérateurs*, it might even be fatal to have too many of them. Fatal to the nation if the pedant nature obtained control of all its affairs; fatal even to learning, if it rendered all subjects of instruction so abhorrent that they could no longer be taught effectively. Everyone familiar with academic life knows that this is a very real danger, and I gave some examples of it.

But this only shows, it may be said, that reform must go farther; that it must embrace the examinations and teaching methods of the universities. Certainly; but, in order that the "reform" may be an improvement, it presupposes much intense and clear thinking about the ends and aims of education and of universities. What are we to educate for? For the greater glory of the learned man? That has been hitherto one of the chief functions of universities which have been preserves in which curios of learning (real and bogus) have been kept. Or for the accumulation of useful knowledge? Then, surely, it will be necessary to think out carefully how academic institutions can be made to secure, or even to favor, the growth of knowledge, and how the "knowledge" can be prevented from growing useful only to those who retail it. Or for life and citizenship? In that case, surely, we should retain much about our present methods which might otherwise seem worthy of condemnation. That our present methods have yielded disappointing results intellectually is probably recognised extensively. What has not been considered is whether the blame does not lie largely with their *intellectualism*, which is repugnant to the national character, unconnected with the moral and practical features

of our education, and false to the procedures of scientific knowing. At any rate, it seems clear that the subject of education presents a tangle of knotty problems which cannot be solved off-hand by amiable platitudes about "popular culture."—Yours, &c.,

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

April 7th, 1913.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAVE TO FACE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your space and my time forbid countering the arguments of your various correspondents. It is not worth while to make a number of small debating points in face of the grave question whether the Liberal Party is to follow Liberalism or Mr. Asquith. Mr. Arnold Abraham's sole anxiety is "to keep the party together." The true need is to keep the party Liberal. It has been lazily assumed that any Liberal is free to vote for or against woman suffrage. As if Liberalism were made by the Liberal Whips! Hitherto, Liberalism has been identified with the enlargement of liberty, with the transference of power from the original autocrat to ever-widening areas of society. Within the last two or three generations, millions of women, under pressure of economic forces, have, for good or ill, been thrust out of the home; simultaneously, there has been among women a great quickening of education, with an enhanced consciousness of social evils, which men have fostered or at least failed to remedy. Hence the rise of what I have called an "intensive minority" of women—embracing practically every organised group of woman workers—which demands political expression and demands it infinitely more keenly than the still unenfranchised section of the male population. For Liberalism to suppose that this further widening of the boundaries of human liberty is not peculiarly its business is for Liberalism to commit suicide.

It is not even a demand for a revolution, but for the recognition of the revolution that has already occurred: for the readjustment of the mechanism of the State to the facts of life. In some countries the readjustment has already taken place; in all countries life is pressing towards it. Already, in 1867, John Stuart Mill divided the House of Commons upon the question in the proportion of 3 to 8. And the discordance between life and its past expressions does not lessen in forty-six years. Mr. Asquith, who talks of woman suffrage exactly as he did a generation ago, has brought forward only one reason against: that it would add to the electorate an emotional mass which would make it swing violently to and fro. This is merely the old Virgilian tag, writ large: *Varium et mutabile semper femina*. If the suffragettes teach us anything, it is that woman is only too mechanically rigid. To Mr. Asquith's old-world, academic argument, which is quite unsupported by evidence from countries where women do vote, Mr. Abraham adds the "organic difference" of the sex, which is, of course, the very ground why we want the organically different point of view of half the human race.

As regards the suffragettes—whose most violent demand is only for the means of expressing themselves peacefully—their line of action is irrelevant to the issue, except in so far as it shows that some women value the enfranchisement of their sex more dearly than life, and that Government is literally impossible without the consent of the governed. Their sufferings cancel their sins, leaving, in my eyes, a balance for admiration.

Equally beside the great issue is the question of Mr. Asquith's honor. At best he has blundered as one cannot imagine an old Parliamentary hand blundering in any question that concerned a section with votes. And in such a question, moreover, one cannot imagine the sympathetic majority of the Cabinet sticking to Asquith and office. If the suffragist Ministers can neither convert nor depose their chief, nor persuade him to bow like Bonar Law to a Referendum of his followers, then we can only look once more to the Conservative Party to conserve Liberalism.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Far End, East Preston, Worthing.

April 7th, 1913.

A WORD FOR "VELVETEENS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hope you will allow one who has lived for twenty years in a good game country to express an opinion on the subject of "Velveteens."

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Max Pemberton, from whom a number of the observations in your article appear to have been derived, has been very unfortunate in the gamekeepers of his acquaintance.

My own experience has led me to think of the average keeper as a robust, cheerful individual, popular (probably by reason of these qualities) with his fellow-villagers. It is vital to his own interests to keep on good terms with the tenant farmers, for, if not successful in this, a very small percentage of the winged game would be able to rear their young.

The keeper's time is, as a rule, divided between looking after the game and keeping down the rabbits, large numbers of which drive away game to the same extent that they spoil crops and young trees. Any landowner who allows rabbits to multiply very soon ceases to derive income from his estate.

In the past gamekeepers have admittedly been responsible for the destruction of interesting and valuable fauna. This was due to the indifference on the part of the landlord and ignorance on the part of the keeper. Now, however, a very strong feeling has arisen in favor of doing everything to preserve those creatures whose presence gives such an additional charm to country life.

In countries like France, where the game is insufficiently protected, nearly every undomesticated bird, including even the robin, has suffered extermination.

Our good neighbors are now obliged to console themselves with the migrating larks and thrushes which fall a prey to their avidious nets.—Yours, &c.,

L. EDMUNDS.

Cholderton, near Salisbury.

April 7th, 1913.

THE "TROUBLE" IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is not my intention to continue the discussion with "Graduate," but as he says that, in my letter to you which appeared on March 29th, I did not dispute the accuracy of any of his statements, perhaps I may be allowed to remind your readers that in that letter I showed, as I thought, conclusively:

1. That the professors are not liable to arbitrary dismissal by the Council, as "Graduate's" letter infers, but that, on the contrary, they enjoy, and have enjoyed, ever since the establishment of the University Chairs, what they themselves describe as "ample security of tenure up to the age of 65."

2. That "Graduate's" statement that the Council have recently issued agreements giving life tenure to the present staff as a consequence of criticism is not only insulting to the University, but is absolutely untrue.

3. That the Council cannot by any means be described as "lay," including as it does amongst its members so many persons of high academic distinction and educational experience.—Yours, &c.,

M. C. STAVELEY.

April 7th, 1913.

MR. BURNS AND RURAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Burns's speech in the House of Commons on this question has caused profound disappointment to those conversant with the seriousness of the problem.

If the policy outlined in that speech is the policy of the Government, the solution of the question will inevitably pass into other hands. The facts are simple. For years there has been a dearth of cottages throughout the land, with all its attendant evils—disease, immorality, and emigration.

Mr. Burns has, by an Act of Parliament, placed upon the District Councils the statutory obligation to close insanitary cottages. This is being carried out, thus accentuating the dearth. That part of Mr. Burns's Act enabling Districts to build is inoperative. The homeless laborer is now told

that the remedy lies in his securing a higher wage and in waiting for private enterprise to build him a home.

Surely this is the refinement of cruelty!

If we are to stop here, it would have been a thousand times better for the agricultural laborer never to have passed the Housing and Town Planning Act. I refuse to believe that this is the policy of a Government which has done so much for social reform.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ARONSON.

The Mill House, Chipperfield.

April 8th, 1913.

THE JEW AND MODERN LIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Speaking for the more cultured and thoughtful section of the Jewish community, I should like to say that the avowed anti-Semitism of the Passion Plays, of the "Merchant of Venice," and of such modern writers as Belloc and Chesterton, is far less offensive than the cant of unintelligent sentimentalists who dilate upon the Jewish origin of Jesus when opening bazaars to raise funds for the conversion of Jews to Christianity. To be reminded of all the noble qualities of the race—as, for instance, by the Bishop of Manchester on one such occasion a few years ago—merely as a preliminary to an organised attempt at effacing every trace of it, seems to us a very discreditable way of fighting. We would much rather believe that Jesus was of alien parentage, or that, if he was a Jew, his life and death were exploited by aliens for the construction of a religious doctrine at once opposed to that of the great line of thinkers and prophets of his country and to the very spirit of racial idealism which has pervaded the changing exposition of the Jewish faith throughout the ages.

We see as clearly as any anti-Semitic writer the outstanding faults of the modern Jew, and deplore them as deeply. Our claim to the full rights of citizenship are not based on any sense of perfection, but on the consciousness that we have something to contribute to human evolution—perhaps the most vital thing of all; an ideal which has not been dimmed by thousands of years of intellectual growth, but which, from each change of social institutions and racial supremacy, from each new mode of thought, has emerged the brighter and more certain.

If the spirit of the Stock Exchange is held up by superficial writers as the quintessence of Judaism, it is merely because they are blind to the enormous advance of the Messianic idea—the Jewish contribution—in modern religious and political movements. This idea, in direct opposition to the medieval Christian faith in the finality of human achievement in the person of Jesus—the frankly reactionary faith of Mr. Chesterton—is the secret spring of the vitality of the race. It is an idea which no oppression or organisation of anti-Semitic forces can suppress. The illogical dialectics of the mission societies in the East-end of London—with their other contemptible weapons—are more difficult to fight.—Yours, &c.,

A JEW.

April 8th, 1913.

THE EARNINGS OF THE TEA-SHOP GIRL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "Women's Industrial News" has come out with an article upon the above, prompted no doubt by the trenchant article and the correspondence in THE NATION. The Secretary of the Council approached me to afford her fuller information, but as an interview was at the time inconvenient for me, it had to be declined. But to the point. The author of the article has gone quite astray. She talks of 13s. or 14s. per week, and of a minimum of 17s. to be fixed in the future. She skips over the cost of the regulation dress and what not, the breakages, and fines.

The large dividend companies pay 5s. to 9s. for the weekly wage of the waitress, and upon this they are entitled to a share of the contents of the dépôt-box, about 5s. per month—the manageress also taking a share. Counter hands, to which I have not before referred, get 11s. to 15s., but this only emphasises what I have said as to the smallness of the waitresses' remuneration. Threepence per day has to be paid for dinners in advance, and all the paraphernalia attendant on the employment has to be bought from the

employers, who will take a weekly instalment if the girl is unable to pay for the whole of the things right out.

It is difficult to follow the conclusions come to by Mrs. Drake. She says no girl could keep herself on 13s. to 14s. per week, but omits to mention the lower sums, and the correct ones, referred to by me.

She says 17s. per week ought to be the minimum, but I am afraid that she reckons altogether without her host. What do the large dividend companies say to this, I wonder? One who has read on further can scarcely take the Industrial Council's representative seriously. She talks of the fun that the girls get out of the business. Well, it is for the girls themselves to say where the fun comes in. My observations, covering some years, fail to see the fun of it all. The girls are worked so that at the end of the day they are fit for little else, let alone recreation. Has Mrs. Drake or any of the Council tried running up and down stairs for hours at a time, waiting upon customers? But all this by the way. She refers, like THE NATION, to the Trade Boards Act for any alteration—or through the voluntary action of the employers.

Let me again say that the tea-shop girl employed in the large companies' depôts and those employed in the swell shops cannot be compared for a moment. A girl pocketing any gratuity in the companies' shops is threatened with instant dismissal; the Bond Street girl takes all she can get.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK MARSHALL.

St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C.
April 8th, 1913.

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE NATION there appeared a letter over the signature of Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., on the Scottish Temperance Bill, to which I crave your permission to reply.

In Mr. Hogge's remarks he introduces the question of the Glasgow Town Council plebiscite, and makes therein several mistakes which one would not expect from a Member of Parliament who is supposed to know what he is writing about, and who is expected to advance only facts in support of his argument.

Mr. Hogge says there were 250,000 electors who each got a postcard. This is not correct. The total number of electors who ought to have got postcards was 201,057, and of these 8,586 did not receive postcards for some cause, so that 192,471, not 250,000, electors got the possibility of voting.

Of the 192,471 postcards which could have been returned, 117,821 were returned. This shows 61.20 per cent. of the possible vote, not 55 per cent. as Mr. Hogge says.

Of the 117,821 returned, 6,506 were rejected as unsigned or otherwise mutilated, so that 111,315 votes actually came into the count. Of these 111,315, 59,436 voted for reduction, which is 53.40 per cent. of votes recorded.

The voting on this occasion was remarkably successful.

In an ordinary election it is a rare occurrence if more than 60 per cent. of the electorate is polled, notwithstanding addresses of double candidates, double canvassing of districts, numerous ward meetings, and carriages to insist on voters turning out to the poll. Here all these elements were absent.

In an election, as Mr. Hogge well knows, a majority of one puts a candidate into the seat. As a Liberal member Mr. Hogge is not satisfied with 59,436 votes for reduction, or a majority of 7,557 over the votes for increase and no change combined.

In considering this question of voting as compared with usual elections, it must be borne in mind that probably half of the 51,879 who voted against reduction and for no change were parties directly or indirectly financially interested in the 1,784 licences in danger, and therefore should have no moral weight in the discussion.

I will not enter on the question of disinterested management, further than to state that it was forced into the Bill by the English majority in the House of Lords. No Scottish candidate made disinterested management a plank in the last election, while Scotland for years has demanded this Scottish Temperance Bill, and Scottish members, by a large majority in Committee, decided to have nothing to do with disinterested management.

Disinterested management shops do not attract the clientele which patronise public-houses. I have watched a Trust Public-house in Glasgow every time I passed it, and have never yet seen a working man enter it. The class which should be protected against drinking, is the one which craves for drink, not food, and nothing short of shutting every common public-house will enable disinterested management to get a look in.

What is wanted is not replacement by disinterested management houses, but reduction of public-houses.

A. WHITSON.

104, West George Street, Glasgow.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

ON READING THE TRANSLATION OF GITANJALI.

(Written at Shantiniketan, Bolpur, on the night of the full moon, February, 1913.)

"When I go hence, let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable."—*Gitanjali*, 96.

Soft as slow-dropping waters in a pool,
Kissed by the moon at midnight, deep and cool,
Whose liquid sound upon the ear doth fall,
Fraught with enchantment brooding over all,
Such was the spell that held my soul in fee,
Entranced on hearing first Gitanjali.

But deeper far than that deep spell of sound,
A still, hushed Presence all my spirit bound:
"Put off thy shoes," it whispered, "from thy feet:
Here in this inner shrine prepare to meet
Thy Lord and Master face to face, and know
How Love through all His Universe doth flow,—

"Love in the joy of world-embracing light,
Love in the blade of grass with sunbeams dight,
Love in the baby's smile of new-born bliss,
Love in the star-crowned infinite abyss,
That Love, which men do count an idle tale,
Now, face to face, behold within the veil.

"Weary at heart with this world's restless strife,
Here find the peace of everlasting life;
Nor dream that Death can stem the tide of Love
Which flows around, within, beneath, above—
Death is itself Love's consummating bliss,
The bridal chamber and the Bridegroom's kiss."

Silent within the temple of the soul
I worshipped, and beheld Life's vision whole,—
No false mirage, seen in ascetic mood,
But, as when first God made it, very good;
Each door of sense unbarred, and open all
To greet His advent and accept His call.

Singer, who from thy spirit's height dost bend,
To call me by the dearest name of "friend,"
Here, as a poor love-token, at thy feet
I lay this garland (ah! how all unmeet),
Weaving its verse an offering to thee,
With heart-obedience for Gitanjali.

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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The History of English Patriotism." By E. Wingfield Stratford. (Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
 "Swinburne: An Estimate." By John Drinkwater. (Dent. 5s. net.)
 "Money-Changing: An Introduction to Foreign Exchange." By Hartley Withers. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)
 "Pan-Germanism." By Roland G. Usher. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "A Londoner's London." By Wilfred Whitten. (Methuen. 6s.)
 "George Du Maurier: The Satirist of the Victorians." By T. M. Wood. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Changing Russia." By Stephen Graham. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)
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 "Souvenirs du Comte Montbel, Ministre de Charles X." Publiés par M. G. de Montbel. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7 fr. 50.)
 "Poètes et Critiques." Par Ernest Dupuy. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)
 "A L'Extrême Limite." Roman. Par Michel Artzybachev. (Paris: Grasset. 5 fr. 50.)

THE world of books has suffered a great loss in the death of Edward Dowden on Thursday night last. Even in his undergraduate days, Dowden had made his mark as a critic, for an address which he delivered before the Dublin University Philosophical Society won favorable notice from Sainte-Beuve. He was appointed to the Chair of English Literature in Trinity College at the age of twenty-four, and eight years later he published "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art," a work which many critics regard as the most valuable contribution made to Shakspearean commentary since Coleridge. His "Life of Shelley," published in 1836, was the cause of an ironical essay by Matthew Arnold, but the book is still acknowledged to be the standard biography of Shelley. Dowden himself thought more highly of a small volume on "Southey" which he contributed to the "English Men of Letters" Series.

APART from his works on Shakspeare and Shelley, Dowden's contributions to critical literature were wide in range and in sympathy. He wrote notable essays on French, German, and Italian authors and thinkers, and he was almost the first of our critics—anticipating John Addington Symonds—to recognise Walt Whitman. "The good gray poet" was deeply moved by this admiration from across the Atlantic, and the frequent references in his letters prove the high value which he set on Dowden's appreciation. Few critics showed greater skill than Dowden in presenting the essence of an author's spirit by means of a mosaic of quotations embedded in a running interpretative commentary, or in summing up the salient characteristics of an epoch. His essays on "The Transcendental Movement and Literature" and "The Scientific Movement and Literature," and his book, "The French Revolution and English Literature," are good examples of this latter faculty. His chief admiration in English literature after Shakspeare was probably for Wordsworth, and in French literature for Montaigne.

DOWDEN's personality was an extremely engaging one. His dignified and rather formal bearing, the deep, musical tones of his voice, his humor, and the grave courtesy with which he would defer to the greenest undergraduate were some of the personal traits which won and held the affection of succeeding generations of his students. No man ever made less of a parade of scholarship, and none was more ready to place his time and his books at the disposal of any literary inquirer. Professor Dowden's health had been a cause for concern to his friends for some time—a few years ago he said in conversation with a smile that he "had no blood-thirsty clinging to life"—but his end on Thursday was quite unexpected. His country and his University will both mourn his loss. Readers of THE NATION will also have cause to regret that his occasional contributions can no more appear in our pages.

SOME weeks ago we announced that Mr. Arnold Haultain, Goldwin Smith's literary executor, has edited a selection from "The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith" which Mr. Werner Laurie has in the press. We now learn that, in addition to that volume, Mr. Haultain will shortly publish a book of reminiscences, to be called "Goldwin Smith as I knew Him." It will deal with the last twenty years of Goldwin Smith's life, a period of which Mr. Haultain has intimate knowledge.

"Scott's outrageous prices for poetry" forms the theme of an interesting contribution by Mr. E. P. Morton to the current number of the New York "Nation." "As a rule," says Mr. Morton, "poetry in England has sold at a price that was reasonable, if not cheap"; and he cites such examples as Johnson's "London" and "Vanity of Human Wishes" which cost the purchaser a shilling each, Goldsmith's "Traveller," published at one-and-six, "The Deserted Village," a two-shilling quarto, and Gray's "Elegy" which could be had fresh from the press for sixpence. Scott, however, made a change, and published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" in 1805 at twenty-five shillings in the quarto edition, and half-a-guinea in the octavo.

"Nevertheless," Mr. Morton goes on, "he sold that year 750 quartos, as well as 1,500 octavos at 10s. 6d., and nearly 10,000 more before 'Marmion' appeared. Success brought increase of boldness, and when 'Marmion' came out in February, 1809, the publishers issued 2,000 quartos at a guinea and a half. In spite of this increase of price, the 2,000 quartos sold in less than a month, and were followed by 3,000 octavos at twelve shillings, also an increase in price. With the 'Lady of the Lake,' in 1810, Scott raised the price to two guineas; and in spite of everything, not only sold unprecedented quantities of the new poem, but also 5,000 copies of 'Marmion,' and some 1,500 of the 'Lay.'"

SCOTT, however, failed to set a fashion in prices. "The Corsair," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Mazeppa" as well as Tennyson's "Princess" and "Maud," Browning's "Dramatic Idylls," Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows," and Bailey's "Festus" could all be had for five shillings, and new volumes of poems were not as a rule published at a much higher price. In 1841, Moxon determined to issue new volumes of poems at a very low rate, and five numbers of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates" appeared in paper covers at sixpence or a shilling each. This experiment failed, as only the fifth number reached a second edition. But the cheapest book ever published was R. H. Horne's epic poem "Orion" which was issued in 1843 at a farthing. Three editions were sold at this price, which the author defended on the ground that "there was scarcely any instance on record of an Epic Poem attaining any reasonable circulation during its author's lifetime," and that this method of publication enabled him to avoid the trouble of forwarding presentation copies, "which are not always particularly desired by those who receive them." Later editions of the poem at a higher price completely reimbursed the publisher.

MENTION of cheap books leads us to congratulate Messrs. Bell on the immediate success of their enterprise in issuing twenty volumes in "Bohn's Popular Library" at a shilling each. The demand for the new issue of the series was so great that the day of publication had to be postponed; but the volumes made their appearance last week, and are in every way a credit to their publishers. Bohn's "Standard Library" was inaugurated in 1847, and needs no words of praise. Emerson, Carlyle, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and other men of letters have written in high terms of its value.

THE Committee of the London Library have just purchased extensive premises in Duke Street with a view to enlarging the Library buildings. This step has been found necessary owing to the rapid progress of the Library, and as the premises now purchased are situated at the back of the present buildings, further extension ought to prove an easy matter. Members of the Library are invited to help on the new project by taking up Debentures which are secured as a first mortgage to trustees for the holders.

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MISS UNDERHILL's new book might be described as, in its most exciting aspect, a biographical study of Jesus. It also contains a biographical study of Paul, an examination of the mystical genius of the author of the Fourth Gospel, a sketch of mystic life in the Church during the first four centuries, and an imaginative reading of the Liturgy. But these are all subsidiary to the central purpose of the book, which is to paint the portrait of Jesus neither as an ethical teacher nor as a social reformer—nor, indeed, it may be said, as the Savior of the orthodox—but as a divine mystic, the discoverer of a new pathway to reality. He is portrayed here as the perfect herald rather of the good news of the Kingdom of God than of "any moral law, any 'scheme of salvation.'" Not that Miss Underhill wishes to mysticise away the divinity (as it is commonly understood) of Christ. To her the Incarnation and the Resurrection are fundamental and necessary truths. But she does not interpret these things in the easy thoughtless prose of the ordinary church-goer. Her imagination has been given pause by the human nature of Jesus, as well as by the divine. "Though He were a Son," wrote the author of the "Epistle to the Hebrews," "yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." And Miss Underhill finds in this sentence good warrant for her presentation of Christ as one who grew to perfect union with God amid "the limits and oppositions of human nature," instead of as one who consciously lived all his life in such perfect union. It is the human figure of Jesus, then, that is the shining heart of her book—Jesus, the "Son of Man," no less than the "Son of God"—one whose life and mind flowed in recognisable human channels, and may, therefore, be investigated as justly and with as little irreverence by the psychologist as by the historian. We have no doubt that even to-day there are thousands of by no means narrow-minded Christians who will find the idea of a psychological study of Jesus extremely distasteful. The fact, however, that so rationalistic a piece of work has here been performed, not by a destructive rationalist, but by a Christian mystic, is an amazing example of the extent to which the religious mind has pushed forward its boundaries in recent years.

Whether Miss Underhill's reconstruction of the life of Jesus in the light of psychology will be accepted as either beautiful or true will depend chiefly on the temperament of the individual reader. Her study is imaginative as well as scientific. She is an artist rather than a lawyer in her sense of evidence. Hence, the orthodox will challenge her with a hundred texts, and the heterodox will, as likely as not, deny the validity of her psychology. But one thing no one can question—the profound and illuminating interest of her parallelism between the religious experiences of Jesus and those of the Christian mystics who came after Him. The life of Jesus, she claims

"exhibits in absolute perfection—in a classic example ever to be aimed at, never to be passed—that psychological growth towards God, that movement and direction, which is found in varying degrees of perfection in the lives of the great mystics. All the characteristic experiences of a Paul, a Suso, a Teresa, are found in a heightened form in the life of their Master."

That is an assertion of astounding boldness, and it is with the deepest interest that we follow Miss Underhill as she sets herself to make it good. She begins her exposition with the baptism at the hands of John, which, in her view, revealed Jesus to himself—apparently for the first time—and

"paralleled upon transcendent levels the psychological crisis of 'mystical awakening' or conversion; the change of mind which is experienced in various degrees of completeness by all those who are destined to follow the Mystic Way, and reach the levels of consciousness known as 'union with God.'"

Though in the case of Jesus, "conversion" (or change of mind) was unaccompanied by that conviction of sin which seems to be a universal experience at such a crisis, Miss

Underhill contends that many of the other phenomena of conversion were present. The vision of the Holy Spirit descending as a dove and the hearing of the voice, for instance, she regards as comparable with the experiences of Paul on the way to Damascus. "How wide," she observes, "the difference between two natures which could dramatise the same experience, one as 'Thou art My beloved Son,' the other as 'Saul, Saul! why persecutest thou Me?'" Similarly, and again in spite of His freedom from consciousness of sin, Jesus is pictured after His conversion as treading the Way of Purgation as others have done.

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On the next page, the "temptation" is explained as a process of self-investigation, as Christ's envisagement of His powers, and His choice among the many ways in which He might lay hold on life. It is in this connection that Miss Underhill gives us an ardent statement of the perfection of Jesus, not in terms of sinlessness, but in terms of the riches of His nature:—

"'Perfect man' means something very different from 'sinless man': something richer, deeper, more positive, blazing with color and light—'so unspeakably rich and yet so simple, so sublime and yet so homely, so divinely above us precisely in being so divinely near.' It means a deep and accurate instinct for an infinite number of possible paths in which life can move, an infinite number of possible attainments, and the power of free choice between them; for human and spiritual perfection is never mechanical, will and love are the essence of its life. It means a synthesis of opposites: patience and passion, austerity and gentleness, the properties of dew and fire. It means high romantic qualities, daring vision, the spirit of adventure, the capacity for splendid suffering, and for enjoyments of the best and deepest kind; for only those capable of Life are also capable of God, only those capable of romance are capable of holiness."

In citing this passage we may seem to have been diverted from our pursuit of Miss Underhill's main parallelism. But some such citation is necessary to suggest how exalted and humanising is this interpretation of Jesus which sets Him before us, not as an unaccountable miracle-worker, but as a mystic—a unique and divine mystic, indeed, but one who was subject to the normal experiences of the mystic life. The nobleness of the imagination that has gone to the making of these sentences will be recognised even by those who are repelled by the occasional cold science of Miss Underhill's inquiry into the experiences of Jesus. When she speaks of the walking on the sea as an instance of levitation, for example, and questions whether the radiance of Christ during the Transfiguration "may be related to the so-called *aura*, which the abnormally extended vision of many 'psychics' perceives," many will think that she is turning upon a divine figure, not the bright light of psychology, but the flare-light of psychical research. In consequence, it is necessary to stress the fact that her book is no credulous appeal to disputed psychic phenomena. It is a lofty and reasoned essay in biographical reconstruction. It is none the less so, because it points out that certain unusual phenomena are recorded in the lives of St. Francis, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa, St. Philip Neri, St. Francis Xavier, and a host of other mystics, as well as in the life of Jesus.

At the same time, the Gospels interest us as records, not of psychic phenomena, but of a perfect life, a perfect soul. And it is because Miss Underhill enables us to see in a fresh light something of the high passion of that life that her book is a very welcome, as well as a very remarkable, contribution to Christian literature. A work so analytic in nature necessarily misses the tragic simplicity of the Gospel story, but it sends us back to the Gospel story with a sharpened and more realistic vision. The author's narrative of the alleged disillusioning of Christ as an experience common to all the great mystics, and of His approach to that dread stage in mystical growth, which has been called the Dark Night of the Soul, is a most impressive example of imaginative criticism and interpretation. She sees in the Christ of this period one who has "fallen from the splendors of illumination to the horrors of Gethsemane"—one whose dream has been shattered, whose cry, "Not my will, but Thine be done," is a confession of failure as well as the speech of a new and wonderful victory. Follow-

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THE trite observation that it meets a much-felt want may be applied with singular appropriateness to Mr. Hobson's new book. The question of the increase of prices is one which is at present compelling world-wide consideration. It is not now a matter of interest only to the economist and theorist, but one of the utmost practical concern to every employer of labor and every wage-earner. The rapid increase of prices, which, for a few years, operated about forty years ago, was accompanied by a corresponding increase of wages in most of the great industries, so that the advance in the cost of living was not then felt by the working-classes and those not living on fixed incomes, as is the case to-day. The

present era of high prices, like the previous one, is accompanied by a very high return on capital, so that the capitalists would no doubt be quite willing to accept the situation without any troublesome inquiry into the causes, were it not for the pressing demands which labor makes upon them for compensation for the reduced purchasing power of the workmen's wage.

The problem which Mr. Hobson sets out to elucidate (he makes no claim completely to solve it) is to ascertain the probable causes of the increase in the prices of the principal commodities, which has been continuous for the last thirteen years or so. He, naturally, first turns his attention to the consideration of the orthodox explanation of this increase of prices—namely, the increase in the output of gold in recent years. Those who have accepted, without much thought upon the matter, the theory that prices were regulated wholly, or in the main, by the output of gold have regarded the two contemporary facts—namely, an extraordinary increase in the output of gold and a continuous rise of prices—as confirmation of their theory and an explanation of the fact. It is singular that this theory of the relation of the output of gold to prices should have held the field so long without serious question, and that even to-day it should command support among economists of high standing. To one who is not an economist, but a student of facts, from which he tries to draw deductions, it is surprising that the gold theory should have ever, at any time during the last forty years, have been generally accepted as being the main factor in the regulation of prices. The study of the associated facts of the era of high prices forty years ago ought to have led economists to reconsider their theories on this matter.

Mr. Hobson accepts the conclusion that the increase of prices is due, in a large measure, to the increase in the quantity of money; but by money he does not mean gold, but "anything which has a general purchasing power." His definition of the quantity of money is important, because upon this he builds up his theory that the increase of credit has added to the quantity of money available for purchasing power, and that this is, as has been said, one of the main causes of the increase of prices. The quantity of money bears a relation to the quantity of goods sold. But there are two ways in which the purchasing power can be created otherwise than by an equivalent increase in the volume of goods. The first is by new gold, and the second is by the creation of new bank-credit. If these two extraneous sources of increased supply of money "form a large enough addition to the aggregate supply of money to explain a rise of prices amounting to some twenty per cent., then the purely monetary explanation will suffice." These two causes, operating together, have been largely responsible for the increase in prices, though not in equal proportions. The effect of new gold as an addition to the quantity of money is small. Mr. Hobson, as the result of an elaborate argument, supported by the available statistics as to the quantity of money operative in a year, estimates that the influence upon prices of the influx of new gold has been considerably less than one-tenth per cent.

The increased supply of gold has done very little by increasing bank reserves to increase the volume of credit. Its effect in that respect has been practically nothing in this country, though in other countries, which have required to borrow largely and where the stability of their banking systems is not so firm, the increase in the available supply of gold has had some effect in that direction. Credit is based, not in reality upon gold reserves, but upon the security of vendible goods. The consolidation of banking, and the formation of joint-stock companies in business, have greatly increased the solidarity of finance and brought into credit reserves a vast amount of security which represents vendible goods. It is this, Mr. Hobson argues, with irresistible force and logic, that has vastly expanded the quantity of money available for use for purchasing power. The illusion that credit rests upon gold reserves is due to the fact that prices are expressed in gold, and that, nominally though not in reality, bank debts are payable in gold. Though his theory does not repudiate the influence of gold on credit, it puts that influence in a very subsidiary position; and as the amount of money in the form of vendible securities increases, the influence of gold gets relatively less. In a very interesting argument Mr. Hobson shows that gold is really not an

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economic necessity in the working of the credit system, but is useful at present to sustain confidence.

The increase in the quantity of money, due, as has been said, mainly to the increase in credit based upon vendible securities, has grown in recent years more rapidly than the increase in the quantity of goods. Though credit is based mainly upon goods, the increase of credit has not necessarily been accompanied by a corresponding increase of goods. Credit has expanded more rapidly than the increase of goods, because existing goods have assumed a form in business organisation which has made them more available as securities for credit.

This increase in the amount of credit is, according to the argument of this book, the main cause of the recent increase of prices. The era of rising prices has been accompanied by an extraordinary change, not only in this country, but in all the commercial countries, of business re-organisation, which has made the property of the concern available as security for increasing the capital by an expansion of credit. Unless the expansion of credit had proceeded faster than the increase in the quantity of goods, the expansion of credit could not have been responsible for an increase of prices. Mr. Hobson, to fortify his contention that the expansion of credit has gone ahead faster than the increase in the production of goods, proceeds to give a number of reasons which lead to the conclusion that there has been a contemporary retardation of production. It is admitted that there has been a continuous increase in the output of wealth, but it is argued that in recent years there has been a retardation in the supply of wealth which is used for purposes which are immediately reproductive. Mr. Hobson indicates six ways in which there has been a retardation of the supply of goods in recent years by reason of increasing expenditure (1) upon articles whose production conforms to what is termed the law of diminishing returns, (2) upon luxuries and services, (3) upon war and armaments, (4) upon wasteful processes, and owing also to (5) high tariffs which hamper productivity, (6) combinations of capital which restrain labor activities and restrict the output.

The first of these influences is probably responsible, to a considerable extent, for the recent increase of prices. In two ways the development of new countries has had an effect upon prices. In the first place, it has increased the area for the profitable employment of capital, thus stimulating credit advances, and it has diverted production from the supply of marketable goods, or, at least, has retarded the expansion of such forms of employment. The sinking of so much capital in railways, roads, and other ways which cannot become reproductive for a time, has withdrawn capital from employment in the production of goods for immediate marketing. This must have had a considerable effect upon prices. If there be a cessation of expansion of this nature, then we may expect some relief when the capital becomes productive, but there does not seem to be much reason to expect that the sinking of capital in developmental purposes will become less. Rather is it likely to increase. There is a great and growing movement in all the old countries in favor of schemes of national development. In this country it is taking the form of demands for afforestation, coast protection, the reclamation of waste lands, the improvement of the waterways, and the development and betterment of human beings by spending more money on education, public health, and social amenities. Though the ultimate economy of such expenditure is undeniable, it will have the interim effect of retarding the supply of marketable goods, and of keeping up prices. Little relief from high prices can be expected by a lessening of the employment of wealth for developmental purposes.

Mr. Hobson will encounter little opposition to his views as to the effect upon prices of the expenditure on luxuries and on armaments. In each case the effect of such expenditure is to withdraw labor and capital from employment upon the production of staple goods, and this limitation of supply naturally tends to increase prices. In his contention that there has been an increase in the wastefulness of business processes, Mr. Hobson seeks to maintain a highly controversial position. It may be so, but it is curious that it should be, in view of the great advance towards monopoly which has been made in many businesses in recent years. Judging from the limited number of facts which come

under one's own observation, it does appear that the elimination of waste in manufacturing processes is accompanied by an increase of wastefulness in marketing the commodity.

The influence which the operations of trusts and rings have had in raising prices is dealt with by Mr. Hobson, but he does not attach that great importance to this influence to which it is entitled. The effect of the action of these rings is, perhaps, seen more on retail than on wholesale prices.

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In this book Mr. Hobson has confined himself to an investigation of the causes of the rise of prices. He suggests that it is a subject of such vast world-wide importance that each nation should undertake a full investigation of the question within their own borders and upon a common plan. Mr. Hobson has made a most valuable contribution to the study of the difficult problem, but he would be the first to admit that his contribution does not exhaust the subject. Such an inquiry as he suggests would provide facts which are now wanted, and on these some useful international policy might be devised. Mr. Hobson has made many very valuable contributions to our economic knowledge, but he has given us nothing more timely or suggestive than his latest book.

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always peering down some new vista of the world of sensible things, a boy richer on the whole in intellectual than in spiritual wonder. In his case, demonstrably, the child was father to the man.

In "A Small Boy and Others" he has attempted to reconstruct the childhood of a boy of genius—to discover the critical instants at which new horizons were unveiled to him—to estimate the value of this impression and that vibration till the time when he had to take to his bed at Boulegne with an attack of malignant typhus fever—"the marked limit," as he says, "of my state of being a small boy." The success with which he has accomplished his purpose is not less than miraculous. He leads us back even into the blurred world of infancy, studying its long hours in the eager search for some moment of meaning or awakening, and studying not in vain. He notes a red-letter day in the career of the young observer, for instance, when, driving through Paris in his second year, he is "impressed with the view, framed by the clear window of the vehicle as we passed, of a great stately square surrounded with high-roofed houses, and having in its centre a tall and glorious column."

"Conveyed along the Rue St. Honoré while I waggled my small feet, as I definitely remember doing under my long flowing robe, I had crossed the Rue de Castiglione and taken in, for all my time, the admirable aspect of the Place and the Colonne Vendôme."

Then, perhaps, it was that the "sense of Europe" was planted in him as a seed. He himself, it is clear, counts the growth of that sense as one of the rich facts of his early years. Every book, every conversation, every adventure that fostered it, he lingers over like some great convert recounting the incidents that led to his salvation. He conjures up the picture of his father and mother as they enacted their London travels over again by their New York fireside: "I saw my parents homesick, as I conceived, for the ancient order." He calls our attention to the vital fact of the smell of the books in the Broadway store to which he and his brother used to accompany their father—"the English smell." Describing one such visit, he says:—

"My impression composed itself of many pieces; a great and various practice of burying my nose in the half-open book for the strong smell of paper and printer's ink, known to us as the English smell, was needed to account for it. That was the exercise of the finest sense that hung about us, my brother and me. . . . It bore me company during all our returns from forages, and left me persuaded that I had only to sniff up hard enough, fresh uncut volume in hand, to taste of the very substance of London."

Obviously, here was a boy born with the wistfulness of an exile—a wistfulness not unaccountable, it may be thought, in one whose father's father and whose mother's grandfather were of Irish birth. It was not from any land, however, but from a culture, a background, that the young Henry James was an exile. He was by nature one whose consciousness responded to the ancient rather than to the modern order. He speaks somewhere in the present book of "the solicitation of 'Europe,' our own response to which . . . kept breaking out in choral wails." His home, too, seems to have been in New York without being of it; innocent of business, it was as out of place there as Pico della Mirandola would be amid the clamor of the Stock Exchange. He craved for a life the leading experiences of which would not be thus foreign to him.

Not that there were not the enticements and colors of the theatres (among other things), of which the gaping and dawdling small boy had his fill. "I was," Mr. James tells us, "with precocious passion 'at home' among the theatres." His passion for the theatre, however, was but a foreshadowing of that larger contemplative passion—the passion for contemplating the puzzle of men in a fine traditional setting. At the same time, he looks back even to the crude theatres of his boyhood as the scene of conquests of new capacities of the intellect. He recalls emphatically, for instance, the night on which he went with a party to a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," hardly so much to enjoy the play as to enjoy, as it were, its badness—"just in order not to be beguiled, just in order to enjoy with ironic detachment, and at the very most, to be amused ourselves at our sensibility should it prove to have been trapped and caught." That evening he regards as a "great initiation." It was then that he first awoke to "the possibility of a 'free play of mind' over a subject which was to throw him with force at a later stage

of culture . . . into the critical arms of Matthew Arnold." Of this nature are all the crises in the, to use the adjective he loves, queer boyhood of this queer, sifting, observant boy of genius. The memory of his "tiny recording thumb," as he kept it upon the pulse of the party that evening, is more to him than any imagination of fighting or feasting.

"I could know that we had all intellectually condescended, and that we had yet had the thrill of an æsthetic adventure; and this was a brave beginning for a consciousness that was to be nothing if not mixed, and a curiosity that was to be nothing if not restless."

Of no one, surely, could it be more appropriately said that adventures are to the adventurous.

It will be seen how scientific Mr. James's method is as he collects and weighs and labels the memories of his childhood. He works with the creative intellect, one feels, more than with the creative imagination. If you read Charles Lamb's early reminiscences of the theatre, you seem to be taken in to some warm fireside of the imagination. As you read Mr. James's memories of plays and players, you have the feeling that you have been introduced into some inner temple of psychology. Lamb plays with his relations to the theatre; Mr. James examines his, sometimes playfully enough, but immediately afterwards with the eager, strained eyes of one who expects to discover, to learn, to evaluate.

In saying this we do not mean to disparage Mr. James's genius in comparison with Lamb's or anybody else's. It is unique and in its kind triumphant. But it is a remote and, in more than one sense, a precious genius, delighting to lose its way in order to find it, as it continually does in the present volume, much to the bewilderment of the common intelligence. It speculates among impressions as an astronomer among the universe of stars; it enriches life with a firmament of suppositions. If we may change the image, Mr. James, having learned ardently to wander in a labyrinth of baffling little experiences, has felt himself compelled to invent a new language in order to communicate the quality of his adventures to others—a language which seems to reflect in the intricacies of its syntax something of the perplexities of the original maze. That is the high quality of his art and the weakness of his style—he refuses to simplify. It is a weakness because he, at times, seems to be reluctant to say even simple things simply, as when, instead of telling us that Poe had just died, he writes: "The extremity of personal absence had just overtaken him." Even so, however, we have seldom begun to despair in some hopeless chamber of the labyrinth when the figure of the queer, small boy—an ever so charming and solitary boy—breaks into fresh reality to guide us round yet another corner. He guides us along corridors of curious emotion—through galleries of strange and humorous family effigies—to bring us, after many losses and lapses, into the multitude of his European experiences. We see him sobbing as a child as he secretly listens for the first time to "David Copperfield" when he had been ordered to bed; we see that aged aunt of his, in whom one touched "the American past of a preponderant unthinkable queerness"; we see him at length pacing Baker Street, with its reflection of Thackeray, and throbbing with "the pride of a vastly enlarged acquaintance."

In all the closing chapters of European achievement, however, there is nothing more characteristic of Mr. James's sensitive and psychological delight in living his experiences over again on new levels of the refining intellect than his account of the manner in which he ultimately made Europe his very own. Only an artist like Henry James could convey to us all the adventurousness of that trivial but significant hour, when, a small sick boy, lying on a plank in a travelling carriage that had stopped at a village on the way from Lyons to Geneva, he first beheld a ruined castle and a peasant woman in sabots laboring near its walls. But we must let the author himself evoke the memory of that "crucial," that "supremely determinant" hour, in words that begin rhythmlessly enough, but, before they are ended, leap into the rhythm of fine imaginative writing:—

"The village street . . . spread out, beyond an interval, into a high place on which perched an object, also a fresh revelation, and that I recognised with a deep joy—though a joy that was doubtless partly the sense of fantastic ease, of abated illness, and of cold chicken—as at once a castle and a ruin. The only castle within my ken had been, by my impression, the machicolated villa above us the previous summer at New

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Brighton, and as I had seen no structure rise beyond that majesty, so I had seen none abased to the dignity of ruin. Loose boards were no expression of this latter phase, and I was already somehow aware of a deeper note in the crumbled castle than any note of the solid one—little experience as I had had either of solidity. At a point in the interval, at any rate, below the slope on which this memento stood, was a woman in a black bodice, a white skirt, and a red petticoat, engaged in some sort of field labor, the effect of whose intervention just then is almost beyond my notation. I knew her for a peasant in sabots—the first peasant I had ever beheld, or beheld at least to such advantage. She had in the whole aspect an enormous value, emphasising with her petticoat's tonic strength the truth that sank in as I lay—the truth of our embracing there, in all the presented character of the scene, an amount of character I had felt no scene present . . . ; the sort of thing that, even as mere fullness and mere weight, would sit most warmly in the mind. Supremely in that ecstatic vision was 'Europe,' sublime synthesis, reformed and guaranteed to me—as if by a mystic gage, which spread all through the summer air, that I should now, only now, never lose it, hold the whole consistency of it; up to that time it might have been but mockingly whisked before me. Europe might n't have been flattered, it was true, at my finding her thus most signified and summarised in a sordid old woman scraping a mean living, and an uninhabitable tower abandoned to the owls; that was but the momentary measure of a small sick boy, however, and the virtue of the impression was proportioned to my capacity. It made a bridge over to more things than I then knew."

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A different opinion is recorded in a volume of reminiscences that was in our hands the other day (the title is for the moment forgotten), the writer of which speaks of the emotional effect produced upon Lowell by an English landscape of October. Jenny Lind sings "Auld Robin Gray."

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The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning April 4.	Price Friday morning April 12.
Consols	74½	74½
Midland Deferred	73½	73½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	56½	57½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	101	101½
Union Pacific	157½	158½
Russian 5 p.c., 1906	104½	104½
Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.)	93½	93½
Turkish Unified	86	86

THOUGH Thursday's Bank return did not quite come up to expectations, the Money and Discount Markets are much easier than for some time past. There is a general expectation that, within the next two or three weeks, the Bank rate will be reduced to 4 per cent. Even that would be a high rate for this time of the year; but, of course, conditions are quite abnormal owing to the enormous output of short term issues by hard-up Governments engaged in actual fighting or in the piling up of armaments. Trade is still very active, in the North of England especially, and quite a fillip has been given to confidence by the publication of the proposed new tariff for the United States. If carried, it means a large customer for many British industries whose exports to America have been almost extinguished since the days of McKinley. Probably, the chief beneficiaries will be the West Riding and the Midlands. I am told that Wall Street expects it to pass with very little amendment. It would probably engineer a boom in the Railway Market, if it were not reluctant to encourage the radical policies of Woodrow Wilson. But, of course, the main restraint has been the tension between Austria and Russia. How severe this has been, and how near we were to a great European War, the City never quite realised until Sir Edward Grey let out the secret. Hence, the good impression created by his speech, and that of the German Chancellor was accompanied by a sort of alarm. Something more than speeches will now be needed to reassure the Stock Exchange, and to set optimism fairly on its legs again. Now that the Marconi Committee has begun to examine jobbers, the Stock Exchange is taking a more scientific interest in the matter. The American Marconi Company resembles, in its origin, so many flotations that the average Stock Exchange man will only smile over the issuing methods adopted by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and his fellow directors. But the facts brought out in the inquiry will not raise the value of Marconis in the eyes of the investing public. There is a rumor, by the way, that a big airship flotation is in hand, which may explain the characteristic efforts now being made in the London press to revive "the Peril of the Air." These are the usual preliminaries for a great transaction by which the cash of the public will be transferred into the pockets of Imperial patriots, some of whom, it may be suspected, are closely connected with the Yellow Press.

HOME RAILWAY TRAFFICS.

This week's Home Railway traffic returns show some wonderful figures, because they compare with Good Friday week last year and, of course, with receipts of the coal strike period. In some cases, the passenger receipts are lower than they were last year, because of the holiday traffic before Easter. The week's receipts do not, therefore, mean much, but as the aggregates bring us to the middle of the half-year, the aggregate increases give some idea of the extra amounts which will swell the half-year's revenues. They are, in all cases, much in excess of the decreases shown last year to this date, as will be seen:—

	Decrease last year. £	Increase to date. £
Midland	-457,000	+729,000
North Western	-394,000	+596,000
Great Western	-325,000	+514,000
Great Central	-218,000	+347,300
Great Northern	-188,000	+216,500
Caledonian	-172,500	+203,000
North British	-181,100	+187,400
Lancs. and Yorks.	-83,000	+150,600

The "heavy" lines have done wonderfully well in piling up such huge increases. The Midland figure is equal to

about 15 per cent. on the total receipts of the first half of last year; the North-Western and Great Western to about 8½ per cent.; and the Great Central to well over 10 per cent. The stocks of this line have been good favorites with the Stock Exchange speculator lately, and there is no doubt that the price of the Preferred Ordinary at 37 is much too high. The speculator is limited to the Preferred and Deferred stocks, because they are the only ones which can be carried over. The investor, however, might for once take a hint from the speculator and buy one or other of the Preference stocks yielding 5 per cent. or so with good prospects. The improvement in the position of the Great Central in the last few years is remarkable.

FOREIGN BONDS.

The Foreign Bond Market no longer attracts the investor, as it did three or four years ago. Then it competed with the older favorite markets by reason of the yields it offered. But after foreign bond prices had been raised by the popularity of the market, they were again lowered by the very cause that had brought the market into favor—namely, the demand for higher rates of interest. On top of that, however, came the outbreak of the Italian War in Tripoli, followed by the Balkan disturbance, with its anxieties regarding the possibility of the implication of the Powers. Foreign bonds, by reason of their international nature, suffered severely in the Continental liquidation which has occurred at intervals during the war; but the Powers seem really sincere in their efforts to bring about peace and to avoid friction with each other as far as possible, so that it is easily possible that the Foreign Bond Market has seen its lowest point as far as the war trouble is likely to affect it. The decline, however, has brought many bonds to prices at which they would have been snatched up eagerly by the investor of a year or so ago, and the yields on them are well worth the consideration of the investor whose personal inclinations favor Government securities by reason of their fixed income and other advantages. How the present level of the leading bonds compare with their prices in recent years is shown by the following comparison:—

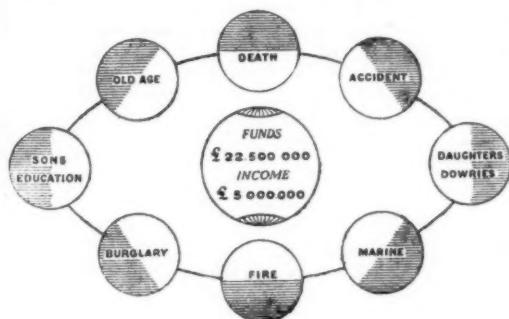
	1908-1911.		1912.		Present Yield.	
	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Price.	£ s. d.
Argentine 4% Rail- way Rec.	92½	84	89	82	85½	4 15 9
Brazilian 4%, 1889	92½	78½	90	81	85½	4 16 0
Chilian 4½%, 1896	99½	85	96	91	92	4 18 9
Do. 5%, 1911	—	—	99½	95	98	5 4 0
Chinese 4½%, 1898	102½	94½	98½	93½	92½	4 17 3
Do. 5%, 1912	—	—	—	—	92	5 8 9
Greek 4% Railway Loan, 1902	94½	86½	88½	80½	83	4 17 6
Japanese 4%, 1899	96½	79½	88	81½	82	4 19 3
Do. 4½%, 1905	101½	88½	99½	93½	93	5 6 9
Russian 5%, 1906	106½	89½	106½	100	104	4 17 0
Turkish Unified	82	95	91½	76½	86	4 13 0

The yields allow for redemption—a feature of foreign bonds which is frequently overlooked by investors. There are many bonds, for instance, bearing comparatively high rates of interest, which appear very cheap beside other securities of the same nature at lower rates. None of the Argentine Five per Cent. Bonds, for instance, stand more than a point or so above par, giving yields, apparently, of just about 5 per cent., whereas the Four and Four and Half per Cent. Bonds of Argentina yield only about 4½ per cent. All the Five per Cent. Bonds, however, are subject to quarterly or half-yearly drawings at par, so that the investor who buys at 102 may possibly be called upon to surrender his bond for 100 within a few months. On the other hand, he may enjoy his 5 per cent. for a considerable period. The risk is there; but only big investors who can take enough bonds to ensure some sort of average should take it. In some cases, the provision of definite dates by which the bonds must be repaid makes certain issues standing below par very desirable investments. For instance, Japanese Four and a Half per Cent. 1905 Bonds have to be repaid by 1925, and, allowing for this, they yield nearly 5½ per cent. The Four per Cent. Loan of 1899 has to be repaid by 1931, and is an even better lock-up. How much these loans are really undervalued is shown by the price of the Five per Cent. 1907 Loan at 99½. The two Four and a Half per Cent. issues of 1905 are secured specially upon the Tobacco Monopoly, which was counted by Japan as her best security when the loan was raised.

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All friends are earnestly asked to make a point of being present on at least one of these occasions, more if possible.

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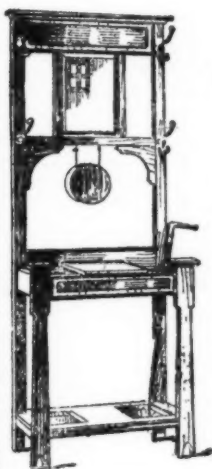
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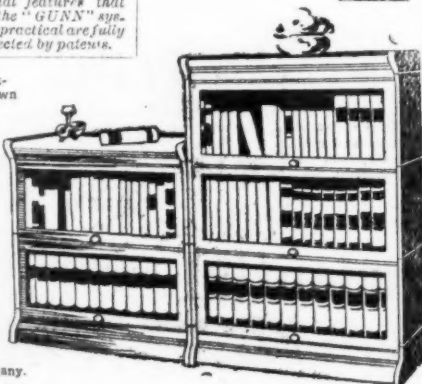
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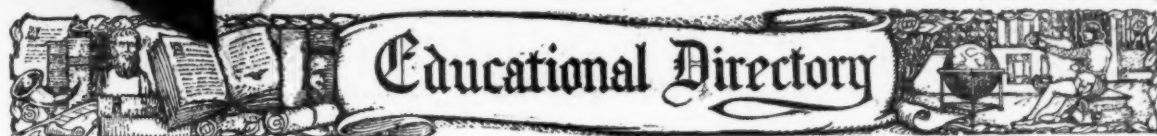
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